Tad Szulc: Who is the Polish Pope?

Geoffrey Barraclough on Barbara Tuchman • Jack Beatty on Trotsky

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Paul Robinson on *The History of Sexuality*

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TRB

from Washington
October 28, 1978

Reliving History

Those who do not study history may be condemned to repeat it, but which history should we study for guidance on what to do about Rhodesia? Prime Minister Ian Smith's visit to Washington, Southern California, Texas and the television talk shows reminds me of other whirlwind tours by foreign suitors that changed the course of things. One of the most successful ever was that of Madame Chiang Kai-shek in 1943. Unlike the regular author of this column, who probably covered her, I was in kneepants at the time, but Eric Sevareid recalls (in *Not So Wild a Dream*) that "Congress and the people had fallen in love with this brilliant and beautiful woman, and in everybody's mind she personified China. She had accomplished an incredible diplomatic feat: she had done nothing less than marshal an emotional army of Americans and was leading it against the president and the American government, openly, brazenly, while they were forced to silence for the duration of her visit."

Ian Smith isn't beautiful and it would be hard for anybody to fall in love with him, but in his own stiffnecked way he has managed to charm an important segment of Congress and the public into thinking he is sincere about transferring power from the hands of the white four percent he has spent his political career defending, and into the hands of the overwhelming black majority. On television, he doesn't look like the raving racist he's been painted. He came to Washington sponsored by 27 conservative Senators who in earlier days would have been the backbone of Chiang Kai-shek's China lobby, but he managed to raise doubts among a larger group of Senate moderates about the wisdom of the administration's Rhodesia policy.

Smith wants Congress to lift economic sanctions against his country, which amounts to giving political support to the internal settlement he has reached with four black leaders who also came to the United States to win public backing. Smith's message is a familiar one, the same that we got from Madame Chiang and later, from another foreign caller, Ngo Dinh Diem. Both of them declared that the regimes they represented were the only hope for freedom, the only alternative to a brutal communist takeover, and that American support could make the difference. Here is Ian Smith saying it again. If the United States and Britain will embrace the internal settlement, the guerrillas vexing his government will lay down their arms.

What's striking is not only the similarity of Smith's message, but the response in the United States. Suddenly, everyone's developing firm convictions about Rhodesia, and the drift is definitely pro-Smith and anti-administration. Just as Henry Luce and Joseph Alsop said they knew better than Teddy White and John Patton Davies about who would win and who should win in China, it's now "in" to denounce our policymakers—Andy Young, Assistant Secretary of State Richard Moose and Cyrus Vance—and to label their African policy "soft." Just as it became fashionable in the late 1950s and early 1960s to concoct counter-insurgency strategies for Vietnam at Georgetown dinner parties, Washington is now abuzz with oh-so knowledgeable analyses of Rhodesian power balances and instant evaluations of various players' political philosophies. "Nkomo and Mugabe know they can't win fair elections, so they want to seize power through the barrel of a gun" is the town's most popular cliche, and what passes for deep wisdom is, "what we've got to do is split Nkomo, the pragmatist, away from Mugabe, the Marxist." Mugabe happens to be a Roman Catholic. Has anyone factored that in?

The truth is, we didn't listen or we're too lazy to learn about what was really happening in China in the 1940s. We backed the wrong team there and continued with a foolish policy for nearly thirty years. Now, we know that Mao Tse-tung wanted to talk to President Roosevelt, and Chou En-lai asked for our help, but we stuck with Chiang Kai-shek and refused them both. Again in Vietnam, we had a chance to side with Ho Chi Minh in 1945, but we chose to back the French. Later, Diem came over with his beguiling message and that made all the difference.

Smith wanted to come and talk to the American people, and we let him in, which was very American of us. But now we ought to have Joshua Nkomo and Robert Mugabe over for a visit, and listen to them, too. Nkomo has been here this year, but just for two days, when nobody was paying much notice. And, too, we ought to listen to Garfield Todd. Have you heard of him? If not, isn't it too soon to commit yourself to something in Rhodesia?

Garfield Todd is a former prime minister of Rhodesia, a liberal who tried in the 1950s to give blacks a greater share in running the country. He was ousted from power, and later arrested by Ian Smith. Todd was in Washington about the same time as Smith this month, but few Senators sought him out. Henry Kissinger met with Smith, but not Todd. If they'd listened or if someone had put him on *Meet the Press*, we'd all have heard how Smith's internal settlement would merely perpetuate white rule for 10 years, giving black leaders mere figurehead jobs. We would've been led to wonder about the truthfulness of Smith's claims that the guerrilla war is containable. Todd asks, why are opposition newspapers banned, and several hundred opposition leaders in jail, if things are going as well as Smith claims?

Probably we could be doing better, tactically, than we have been in Rhodesia. For an historical guide the administration might want to review what led to success in the Middle East. We didn't condemn or isolate Israel or Egypt, but rather sought to work with both of them to bring about a peaceful settlement. We haven't tried to work with Smith. Some of our officials have been downright contemptuous of him, which is not the way to win compromises. At the same time, the administration's strategy seems right. Smith's internal settlement seems doomed because it isn't fair and the Rhodesian guerrillas know it. Maybe we want to switch policies and hitch America up to Chiang Kai-shek and Diem again, but if so, we ought to spend some time reading Rhodesian history first.

(The regular contributor of TRB is on vacation. This column was written by a member of the TNR *staff.)*

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Correspondence

Prettified bigotry

To the editors:

In reading Paul Robinson's "Invisible Men" (*TNR*, June 13), I was uneasy and vaguely angry. Now with Mr. Robinson's commentary on *Dancer from the Dance* (*TNR*, September 20) before me, it become clear: he has prettified bigotry in appealing to *TNR* audience's taste for liberal-intellectual nuance. His description of the gay experience is perceptive and often on the mark. It is perceptive enough to lull the reader into believing that he accepts and respects gay people, at which time he delivers his bigoted punch-line. In "Invisible Men" the punchline was "Look at us," the message being that gays don't suffer from oppression, just from lack of attention. In the review of *Dancer from the Dance* Mr. Robinson becomes bolder; he stereotypes gay people as narcissists and places them in his sophomoric and invidious taxonomy which includes Jews, Protestants, and Frenchmen. (Does it follow that black people have done a world of good for rhythm and Italians likewise for organized crime?)

Paul Robinson joins Henry Fairlie in an urbane but sadly contemptible sexism. What meaning and purpose their camouflaged nineteenth-century sexist blather has in *TNR* is beyond me. Of course, for that matter, it is hard to understand why *TNR* would tolerate the use of the clinical and sex-focused term "homosexual" to describe self-accepting and self-respecting gay people when it doesn't tolerate the use of "Negro" to describe black people.

Scott A. Ritchie
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Insignificant assassinations

To the editors:

The extreme range of *New Republic* articles from your usual level of editorial competence to the opposite extreme of the completely idiotic is one of the marvels of journalism. I am not proposing to list which is which—although, for a reasonable fee, I might be willing to go through the last hundred issues and sort them out for you. The first prize for the latter category must go to Henry Fairlie for his remarks (*TNR*, September 23) about the assassination of President Kennedy. His thesis is that it doesn't much matter, at this point in history, who did it. So why investigate?

His proposition ascends into a realm beyond the reach of comment. I shall not essay any.

Please do not miscontrue me. I am not recommending assassination of your esteemed editor. I merely point out that, according to his logic, it wouldn't matter much.

Mr. Fairlie, as always, writes amiably. So far as I can see, this is his sole qualification. He treats, with characteristic charm, matters of which he shows little understanding.

Herbert Harvey
Morrisville, Pennsylvania

Belt buckle brass

To the editors:

I must admit the correctness, if for the wrong reason, of at least one of the snide comments in your article on General Alexander Haig, "Alexander the Great" (*TNR*, October 7). His "spiffy raised-eagle belt buckle that no GI would be permitted to wear" is doubtless the type issued to all Army general officers.

Gerald H. Early
Major, U.S. Army

Industry vs. ozone

To the editors:

Nicholas Wade's review of *The Ozone War* (*TNR*, October 7) was quite interesting but it did not prod me to run out and buy the book. I was, however, particularly intrigued by his closing paragraph where he mentions the use of fluorocarbons for "refrigeration and various industrial applications."

Hard facts are hard to come, by but it is safe to assume that these other uses require three or four times the volume of fluorocarbons that ever went into aerosols. (And I would not accept on face value any data coming from the chemical industry as to quantities, unless they were well and independently audited as to the many different varieties, grades and intermediates sold, exported, manufactured—including captive use of finished as well as intermediate products.)

Mr. Wade's statement that fluorocarbons "are still used extensively, though not in such immediately releasable form" is—on the surface—correct, but every ounce is released eventually and we can be very positive in stating that substantially every ounce of fluorocarbon produced in 1965 has by now been released into the atmosphere, and that is three or four times the volume we sprayed into our armpits and onto hair and into bathrooms.

Why was the cosmetic and household use of fluorocarbons promptly stopped while the vastly more significant use for other purposes was never the subject of any public discussion?

The answer is simple and depressing. The cosmetic industry is comprised of several hundred, mostly very small, firms. Together they gross less than one percent of the other industries with a vested interest in the status quo for fluorocarbons (chemicals, refrigeration, appliances, automotive, etc.). Only the gentlest of pressures was required to have the use of fluorocarbons discontinued by the small and weak group of manufacturers of toilet preparations and household products. But to tangle with GM and Dow and a dozen other giants must have been a rather distasteful prospect for our legislators and regulatory agencies.

Inasmuch as American as well as foreign made fluorocarbons continue to be dispensed by most foreign manufacturers for almost all purposes, we may safely assume that the ban on fluorocarbons in cosmetics in our country has barely made a dent in the volume of fluorocarbons finding its way into the ozone layer.

Fred L. Van Aalst
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Cancel my subscription

To the editors:

I have received my second notice to renew my subscription. Because your magazine proved to be such thing gruel for a starving ex-New Yorker in the Middle-West, I had doubts as to whether to give you a chance for another year. The self-serving, diffuse Victorian drivel on women by Henry Fairlie convinced me not to.

The kindest thing one can say is that he seems senile and so does your magazine. I refuse to believe that liberalism is dead, but *The New Republic* could be used to prove it.

Judith Green
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

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Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1977	1976
Income		
Life premiums	$22,340,297	$16,150,742
Accident and health premiums	25,683,413	23,593,214
Investment and other income	4,799,481	4,090,525
Total income	52,823,191	43,834,481
Benefits and expenses		
Life claims and other benefits	4,126,231	3,735,055
Accident and health claims	12,430,024	11,644,002
Increase in liability for future policy benefits	12,196,239	8,711,984
Amortization of policy acquisition costs	5,183,133	4,431,061
Commissions	5,943,151	5,224,771
General expenses and insurance taxes	5,869,697	5,652,642
Dividends to policyholders	298,064	299,032
	46,046,539	39,698,547
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	6,776,652	4,135,934
Provision for income taxes		
Current	—	—
Deferred	1,909,150	1,209,252
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4,867,502	2,926,682
Realized investment gains (losses)	11,364	356,057
Net income	$ 4,878,866	$ 3,282,739
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	$ 2.88	$ 1.76
Realized investment gains (losses)	.01	.21
Net income	$ 2.89	$ 1.97

Assets	$116,000,000
Insurance in Force	$1,289,599,000

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 28, 1978

An African Tragedy

One would be hard-pressed to find a crisis with fewer reasons for hope than the current one in Rhodesia. When Trotsky made his oft-quoted remark about the bad luck of twentieth-century people who wish for quiet lives, he might have had Africans in mind. There is little in the recent history of black-ruled states on the continent to make one optimistic about the prospects for a democratic or even a humane African government of Zimbabwe. Nor is there much in the record of the white regimes, past and present, to suggest that Rhodesia's white government will find the good sense and good fortune to transfer power peacefully to the black majority. So far it has not. But neither has it found much help in the advice of those nations in the rest of the world—most notably the United States and Britain—who have taken an interest in the outcome of the current troubles. When the history of this period is written, there will be no shortage of people to blame, but among the guilty will be those in the Carter Administration who have muffed every chance to avert a tragedy in Rhodesia.

There is always a chance, of course, that the events in Rhodesia will somehow lead to a happy conclusion. Western-style multi-party democracy is not even a remote possibility, but no one expected that outcome in the first place. The best one could reasonably hope for in Rhodesia is a society set up roughly along the lines of, say, Kenya—a dictatorial but essentially benevolent government that permits the exercise of fundamental individual rights, the existence of a large and healthy private economic sector, and the expression of opposing opinions. In Rhodesia the word "democracy" is nothing more than an incantation. What is more important, and what is more properly a concern of American foreign policy, is that Rhodesia have a government controlled by Africans and which respects the rights of both whites and tribal minorities.

The United States should be most concerned not so much with guaranteeing the best possible outcome as with ensuring against the worst: a bloody and protracted civil war between a black pariah state, headed by Africans but controlled by whites, and Soviet- and Cuban-backed guerrillas of varying ideological tints. The United States first should do whatever it can to prevent a bloodbath in Rhodesia. Beyond that, it should try to avoid giving any help to those elements in the conflict—most of whom apparently support Robert Mugabe, leader of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU)—who would establish a Marxist totalitarian state allied with the Soviet Union.

On these objectives reasonable men will find little to disagree about. The disagreements come on how best to achieve them. One option was offered, not for the first time, by Ian Smith during his visit to Washington: that the U.S. endorse his internal agreement and repudiate the two leaders of the Patriotic Front—Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, head of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU)—who have rejected it as a capitulation to Smith. The Carter Administration has declined this option. The internal agreement represents a desperate holding action intended to keep whites in control of an outwardly black government. It includes, for example, a provision that prohibits "political interference" in the police, armed forces, and civil service in the ten years following approval of the new constitution. This innocuous-sounding clause in practice means that the new black government will not be able to dislodge the whites who have operated the government under Ian Smith. Those Africans who believed the internal agreement would give them control of the government were rudely disabused by Smith's firing in April of Byron Hove, the new black co-minister of justice, who had the audacity to call for reorganization of the nation's police force. Moreover,

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any basic change in distribution of power—any "constitutional question"—will require a three-fourths vote in a parliament whose 100 members will include a blocking force of 28 whites, including eight to be selected exclusively from Smith's Rhodesian Front party. The constitution for a supposedly majority-rule Zimbabwe will have to be initially approved in a whites-only referendum.

During his U.S. visit, Smith has won a few converts in Congress, but none at all in the White House or the State Department. Still, his air of calm reasonableness has won him a lot of sympathy from Americans unfamiliar with his past, if only because he seems such a nice contrast to those African leaders, most notably Idi Amin, they are used to hearing about on the evening news. No doubt some have swallowed his tale that, having at last complied with the American demands put forth by Henry Kissinger two years ago in Pretoria, he has been abandoned and betrayed by the new Administration. Smith is an intelligent and persuasive man, and there is a real danger that he has managed to win a substantial measure of support among the American public.

There is probably no way to exaggerate the malignancy of Smith's 13-year rule of Rhodesia. His regime was created in the name of white supremacy at a time when no one could doubt the certainty of eventual black rule throughout Africa. His entire career has been built on a stubborn refusal to acknowledge the obvious: that black Rhodesians would not accept an oppressive white rule forever. Smith's professed conversion to the principle of majority rule has been much exaggerated. The last year proves once again his incomprehension of the paradoxical but crucial truth that only by giving blacks effective control of the government can he hope to retain any influence on behalf of Rhodesia's whites. This is most apparent in the internal agreement, perhaps the last hope for a peaceful transition to black rule, but a hope that Smith has done everything possible to snuff out.

Yet, Smith is becoming increasingly irrelevant with each passing day. One should keep in mind the serious flaws in the internal agreement, but one should not lose sight of its possibilities for providing the basis for a peaceful transition to black rule. It is conceivable that it may yet accomplish what the United States and Rhodesia's blacks want. Much has been made by the Carter A ministration of the widespread suspicion of the settlement among the African population. Certainly blacks in Rhodesia have every reason to suspect Smith's sincerity, and in fact anything with which he is connected. But there apparently is a good deal more skepticism than unequivocal hostility in the minds of most black Rhodesians. It may well be that most of them will support the new government once it has been handed over—even nominally—to black men. If Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who before he joined the interim government was easily the most popular nationalist leader, has lost some of his support from Africans who think he has been hoodwinked (or worse), he may well be able to regain it as prime minister of a black government of Zimbabwe.

Moreover, the objectionable provisions of the new constitution may not be as incontrovertible as they now appear. Once the first giant step toward majority rule has been taken, the momentum most likely will prove overwhelming and irreversible. Once black men take the reins of the government, there is no chance that whites will be able to wrest them away. The provisions against "political interference" in the police, military, and civil service, the obstacles to amendment of the constitution, all the other flaws—these will most likely be conveniently forgotten as the new black government moves to consolidate its power. For their part, whites will be able to do nothing about it, except to leave.

Persuading them not to leave, of course, is the reason behind the provisions diluting the power of the new black government—and a perfectly legitimate reason at that. Certainly the United States should not frown on carefully-drawn measures to avoid a mass white exodus from the new Zimbabwe, even if they require something less than a perfect one-man, one-vote system. Smith has a proper concern with protecting the rights of his white constituents; unfortunately, he also has an exaggerated regard for the importance of their special privileges. In any event, both whites and blacks have a vital interest in preserving the morale of Rhodesian whites, whose advanced skills are essential to the functioning of the economy. If they leave, Rhodesia's African population will suffer severely from the economic chaos that will surely follow. Some American observers—perhaps including some members of the State Department—might take satisfaction in seeing the whites get what could be seen as their just deserts. But retribution will gain the blacks nothing but hardship.

These possibilities of course are no reason for the United States to endorse the internal agreement. But they do serve to suggest that American officials such as Andrew Young should demonstrate more charity toward the interim government. The open contempt shown toward Smith and his black allies has been largely to blame for the United States's lack of influence in shaping or reshaping the agreement. A year ago there was hope that the negotiating parties—Smith, Muzorewa, Ndabaningi Sithole, James Chikerema, and Chief Jeremiah Chirau—might work out a way of turning real power over to blacks. There was no reason to doubt the sincerity of the black participants. Sithole, after all, had helped to launch the guerrilla war against Smith, before he was deposed as head of ZANU by Mugabe, and Muzorewa was an old foe of the regime, militant enough to be regarded once

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as the instrument of Soviet imperialism. Naturally, both had selfish reasons for entering into talks with Smith: Sithole had lost control of his guerrilla base (or most of it, anyway), and Muzorewa was the odds-on favorite to win any free election. But they also saw a negotiated settlement as the only possible way of forestalling a long and brutal civil war. Moreover, they agreed to haggle with Smith only after the leaders of the Patriotic Front refused to promise to hold free elections before independence.

The United States should have encouraged Muzorewa and Sithole in their efforts and should have kept an open mind about what the negotiations might produce. That way, the Americans could have used their leverage to shape the agreement to their liking. Instead, President Carter let Young and the Africanists in the State Department voice their ridicule of the settlement and their contempt of its authors at every gratuitous opportunity, thus squandering any influence the United States might have had. There is good reason to believe that, had the Administration kept open the possibility of supporting the internal agreement, it might have been able to force substantial concessions from Smith. By choosing to remain pristinely chaste from such a role in the negotiations, it has forfeited any plausible right to pass judgment on the final product.

As for the Anglo-American plan offered as a substitute for the internal agreement, one can only say that it is long on high-mindedness and short on practical recommendations. As Chester Crocker wrote in these pages last winter (*TNR*, Feb. 18), it "reads less like a diplomatic initiative than a moral treatise." More important, it never had any realistic chance of approval by the parties concerned; the only way it could be imposed is by force—in other words, by a British military invasion. Given the refusal of the British to take such action when Smith declared independence in 1965, there has never been any reason to expect it now. That being the case, the internal agreement should have been—and should be now—accepted as a reasonable *starting point* for discussions of how to bring black rule to Rhodesia. An unfortunate and short-sighted error in the Carter Administration's thinking has been its assumption that the terms of the internal agreement are set in concrete. In fact, shrewd diplomatic efforts might very well extract from Smith the changes that would give the agreement a chance of success. Certainly this course offers more realistic prospects than the utopian Anglo-American plan.

By insisting on their own version of a settlement, the United States and Britain have given the Patriotic Front far more leverage than they could have gotten on their own. It should be kept in mind that Nkomo and Mugabe originally dismissed the Anglo-American plan, and only changed their minds when their black rivals began to negotiate with Smith—seeing it as a convenient device for discrediting any internal agreement. Nkomo and Mugabe had their own reasons for not negotiating with Smith, which boil down to a pronounced lack of enthusiasm for free elections—Nkomo, because he knows he lacks the personal popularity and the tribal base to win. He is a Kalanga, once a Shona-speaking tribe but now mostly absorbed into the Ndebele; the two constitute only about a fifth of the African population. Mugabe isn't keen on elections because he is an avowed Marxist-Leninist who has ruled his own organization with what one expert calls an "appalling record of violence and repression." What the two want, in essence, is for Smith to turn the government over to them before any elections are held, so that they can guarantee the outcome.

On the military aspects of the current conflict and the necessary ingredients for peace, there have been numerous misconceptions. A guerrilla victory in Rhodesia is not imminent; nor is it a certainty even over the long haul. So far, the Patriotic Front has had meager successes against the highly mobile and remarkably efficient Rhodesian Army, which is four-fifths black. The Russians and Cubans have given some help to the guerrillas, but they apparently are not willing to provide the all-out support required for a quick victory. It is simply not the case that the United States must accommodate the Patriotic Front because it is sure to win anyway. At this point, the outcome of the military conflict remains highly uncertain.

The Russians and the Cubans remain the wild card in the Rhodesian power struggle. There are strategic interests at stake which ultimately may prove more decisive than the internal politics of Rhodesia. A principal aim of the Carter Administration's policy has been to prevent a full-scale civil war which would give the Soviets the chance to tip the balance with Cuban troops, as they did in Angola. By strengthening the hand of the Patriotic Front, however, the United States has increased the chances for the sort of conflagration that would serve Soviet interests. The Soviets would like a satellite government in Zimbabwe because it would give them access to itsrich mineral resources and greatly enhance their influence throughout Africa. More important to their designs, though, is South Africa. A civil war in Rhodesia, let alone a Marxist government, would demoralize South Africa's whites; it would also leave them without a single friendly neighbor and expose them to intensified guerrilla attacks. If the conflict in Rhodesia escalates, South Africa may have no choice but to intervene against the Russian/Cuban side to protect itself. That would leave the United States with a highly unpleasant choice between standing by and watching Soviet satellization of southern Africa, and intervening on the side of the racist South African government with arms and perhaps even soldiers.

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Nor is it true that bringing the two guerrilla organizations into a settlement will assure peace in Rhodesia. Given the deep and frequently bitter divisions between the rival leaders and their supporters, civil war would remain a strong possibility even if the Anglo-American plan were implemented, with the losers in the elections taking up arms against the winner. There is also the very real prospect of civil war between the two factions of the Patriotic Front, which are divided along tribal lines and which have already clashed any number of times. What the Anglo-American plan offers is not a simple choice between the current war and a guaranteed peace.

By now it should be clear that the Anglo-American plan has only the most remote chance of being accepted and implemented. The realistic course of action for the United States is to take the internal agreement as a starting point and show Smith its willingness to seriously consider endorsing it if certain important revisions are made. The internal agreement is not a good plan, but it is not a hopeless one. If concessions can be won to make it what it is supposed to be—a transfer of power from whites to blacks—then it may be able to secure the support of Rhodesia's blacks and the neutrality of the front-line states in Africa that so far have backed the Patriotic Front. Confronted with a genuinely black government in Zimbabwe, its own African citizens and its black neighbors may see no compelling reason to prefer the Patriotic Front any longer. Only that way will any black government have a chance of surviving all the potential tumult in Rhodesia, and of averting the mass carnage of a full-scale civil war and the grim repression of a totalitarian dictatorship. These last goals should be uppermost in the minds of the United States and Britain, and they should seize any opportunity to further them. Right now, the only opportunity lies with those parties in Rhodesia who have chosen a peaceful road to black rule over a violent one.

A California Travesty

Orange Queen Anita Bryant has crated up her reactionary brand of anti-homosexual politics and shipped it to California, where her career as a referendum-passer may get a boost. She's travelling up and down the California coast in search of votes for Proposition 6, a November ballot initiative that would prohibit homosexuals from teaching in the state's massive public school system. The proposal resembles the one Bryant pushed through last year in Dade County, Florida, and others winning popular support in cities across the country. Her Bible-thumping bombast works well on conservative voters with Dark Age attitudes about job discrimination and equal rights. The California vote will be the first statewide poll on the issue, and its passage would be one of the most damaging and ugly uses of referendum politics in recent memory.

What Propostion 6 supporters hope to accomplish is nothing less than a witchhunt for homosexuals. The initiative authorizes the dismissal of any teacher who engages in "homosexual conduct," which includes "advocating, soliciting, imposing, encouraging or promoting of public or private homosexual activity." In other words, anyone who opposes this initiative could be fired. John Briggs, a state senator from Orange County who seems brazenly motivated by political ambition, has led the campaign with $1 million to spend and support from Bryant and a string of fundamentalist churches.

A formidable coalition has formed to oppose Proposition 6, including Ronald Reagan, the former governor; Jerry Brown, the present governor; and Evelle Younger, the Republican would be-governor, as well as Mr. Proposition 13 himself, Howard Jarvis, who engineered the June tax revolt that has since swept the country. Still, Proposition 6 may pass.

Propositions 13 and 6 both reflect a return to "direct democracy" as it was first designed by the Western states and the Progressives in the early 1900s. Public referendums caught on as a way for voters to express themselves on isolated issues without the difficulty and delay of the legislative process. The only problem is that often, without due consideration for all sides in a full-time representative body, the impulsive choices voters make turn out badly. The verdict isn't yet in on Proposition 13, but its ultimate effect on government services in California could be devastating.

In the case of Proposition 6, the impact would be immediate and frightening. Its premise, that children exposed to homosexual teachers will turn into homosexuals, has been firmly disproved by every major study. Statistics also show that 90 to 95 percent of all sexual abuse cases involving children are heterosexual in nature. Yet a nationwide poll by Louis Harris showed that 55 percent of the American people oppose the right of homosexuals to teach. The dishonest appeals of the Proposition 6 campaign, couched in the pious tones of religious rhetoric, have managed to swing support to their side.

State polls give the amendment a good chance of passage. If it does, not just the rights of homosexuals are at stake. The quality of education, enhanced by teachers whose personal lives may cost them their jobs, would suffer. The influence of people like John Briggs and Anita Bryant, whose power has grown as the referendums proliferate, will spread as quickly as their deception. We urge California's voters to stand up to intolerance and vote down Proposition 6.

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Three years after Franco.

Spain's Miracle

Madrid

Next month the third anniversary of the death of Francisco Franco will pass virtually unnoticed in the United States, and yet it will mark three years of uninterrupted miracles in Spain. When Franco went into a coma in the autumn of 1975, most experts believed that Spain was about to enter one of the most difficult periods in its notoriously violent history, and many feared that a new civil war was quite likely.

No catastrophe occurred. In fact Spain today can take pride in a uniquely successful transition from dictatorship to democracy, and in a group of political leaders which is perhaps the finest in the western world.

From left to right, that is to say from Santiago Carrillo's Spanish Communist party to Manuel Fraga's Popular Alliance, the country has had brilliant guidance. Between these two extremes one finds a galaxy of stars: King Juan Carlos, President Adolfo Suarez, Socialist Party leader Felipe Gonzalez and others. This group has demonstrated remarkable tolerance, patience and political skill. As a result, it is virtually unthinkable today that Spain should undergo the kind of turmoil that had been predicted by so many observers.

Most credit should be given to the two men who prepared the transition from Francoism to democracy: Juan Carlos and Suarez. Juan Carlos (who was written off as a dilettante, if not mentally enfeebled, by most people before the death of Franco) had closeted himself with Suarez (who served for a while as secretary general of the Fascist party) a full two years before the death of the dictator, and had asked Suarez to prepare a written blueprint for the transition period. These two architects of the new Spain are reported to have followed the blueprint in great detail in the intervening three years. The edifice they have erected must be considered a masterpiece. Inflation has been reduced from more than 30 percent to roughly 13 percent in the past year. Currency reserves are high. In recent months the value of the Spanish peseta has risen from 80 to the dollar to 70. Unemployment is at seven percent (with perhaps an equal proportion of Spaniards employed as emigrant workers in other countries), but prospects are not bad for improvement in this sector as well.

Above all, the King and the president have pulled off a series of political coups, each of which was considered impossible before it took place. These include the smooth transition from Franco to Juan Carlos, the legalization of the previously clandestine parties of the left (the Socialists and the Communists), the announcement of elections, the peaceful election campaign itself, the negotiation of a consensual economic program and now the drafting of a new constitution which is among the most liberal in Europe.

Spain is not without its problems, even grave ones, but the contrast with its western neighbor, Portugal, is dramatic. There is a seriousness to Spanish politics that is missing in Portugal. One leading Spanish politician said recently, "The problems of Portugal will not be repeated in my country. We are different from the Portuguese. We kill the bulls."

Juan Carlos and Adolfo Suarez face two problems that require international assistance: terrorism and productive investment. The first is blessedly localized, at least for the moment. The Basque Separatists (the Iberian equivalent of the Irish Republican Army) kill with alarming frequency, and as the new constitution has granted the Basques only the same rights as all other Spaniards (and not the autonomy the separatists demanded), the level of murder and destruction can be expected to increase. The government knows that the Basques, and particularly the fanatic separatist movement, are getting large support from abroad: training in North Africa, apparently from Cuban terrorist advisors, and sanctuary in France. Spain has asked for help against the Basques from foreign intelligence services and from neighboring countries but the response has been unenthusiastic.

The economic picture, though not critical, is not good in the intermediate future. Spain requires productive investment both from its own citizens and from abroad. So far affluent Spaniards have preferred the security of Swiss banks to the risk of domestic adventure, and foreign investment has been slow to arrive. Some Spanish politicians complain that while other European countries emerging from the shadow of Fascism have had the benefit of extraordinary assistance (like the Marshall Plan), Spain has had to go it alone. This is not entirely true, but ironically the very success of the Spanish government has made it more difficult to convince the Carter administration to extend credits and urge American corporations to get more involved. Hence the American government has a large emergency fund for Portugal, but little for Spain. This demonstrates the truth of the political science axiom, "The squeaky wheel gets the grease," but it is not sound foreign policy. Spain is important to the United States in the current geopolitical setting. It controls a major position on the western Mediterranean, it is a major influence on both north Africa and Latin America, it has played a major moderating role in the Saharan struggle and it could play a similarly important role in the overall human rights campaign of the Carter administration. Spanish government officials frequently complain to American diplomats that they do not get the kind of recognition from Washington that they feel they deserve.

The Soviet Union, on the other hand, is well aware of the importance of Spain, and is spending sums of

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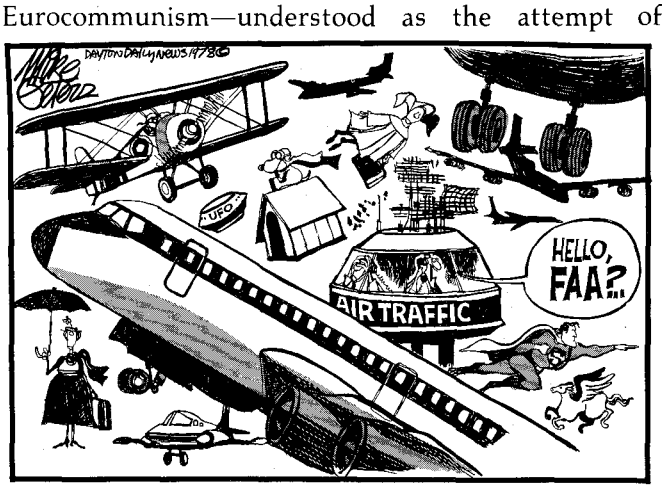
money which would make an Arab sheik blush. The Russian presence in Spain is staggering. Any member of the media can count on lavish lunches and other favors from Soviet representatives. Russian merchant ships are omnipresent in Spanish ports. And the KGB is very active throughout the country. Thus far the Spanish government has refused the generous offers of Soviet credit and trade arrangements, preferring to remain solidly in the western camp. But the Soviet Union has embarked on an intense campaign to keep Spain out of NATO. In the past several weeks Spanish Communists, along with their French and American comrades, have been spreading the notion that Spanish entry into NATO would somehow pose a threat to post-Tito Yugoslavia. The idea is evidently that the addition of Spain to NATO would entitle the Russians to aggrandize Yugoslavia. This nonsense was even repeated by an Italian Communist party central committee member at a recent conference in Washington.

Many people have felt for a long time that the Spanish Communist party was independent of Moscow, and that Carrillo, while trying to shed his murderous Stalinist past, was nonetheless the only European communist leader capable of leading his party toward social democracy. Of late, even this political reed has been weakened. Relations between the PCE and the Kremlin have improved considerably in the past two months, as indicated by a series of favorable comments and interviews in the Soviet Press. But most significantly, the Soviet Union has executed an abrupt about-face on a vital foreign policy question. In the past the Russians have supported Spanish claims to the Canary Islands, in contrast with Carrillo, who attacked the claim as imperialistic. Two weeks ago the Kremlin issued an unusually violent condemnation of Spanish sovereignty over the islands, calling for their independence. The episode demonstrated that Brezhnev and Carrillo are working more closely than many believed. This unexpected development took place at the very same time that Italian Communist party secretary Enrico Berlinguer announced his imminent departure for Moscow, suggesting that the era of Eurocommunism—understood as the attempt of European communist parties to develop an independent worldview—is drawing to a close.



Drawing by Mike Peters

Michael Ledeen

Michael Ledeen is executive editor of *The Washington Quarterly*, a review of strategic and international studies.

Conservation of Everything.
A New Natural Law

Not only coming events, but also coming ideas cast their shadows. For quite eome time now a major idea has been trying to hatch, timidly, in intermittent bursts. It was met with skepticism, even with hostility, at first. Its initial claims had to be proved in labs a hundred times before being accepted. I am referring , of course, to the idea of the finiteness of things, the concept that things like mass and energy and suchlike—physical things—exist in unchangeable quantities. They can neither be destroyed nor created. At best—or at worst—they can only be switched around, changed one into another and back again. This much has already become accepted after much effort.

But just as astrology and alchemy adumbrated astronomy and chemistry, the idea of the finitude of mass and energy adumbrated the much broader, all-encompassing concept of the finitude of everything, including such immaterial intangibles as justice, pain, life-force, inspiration, integrity, and all the rest. And it is high time that we face this idea in all its depressing magnitude, not only for its own glorious sake, but also to save ourselves much unneeded woe.

Let's consider justice first. Our century has been blessed with a rash of revolutions aiming at establishing a greater measure of justice on earth—in other words, increasing the quantity of justice extant. But dare anyone now, as we approach the close of the century, still maintain that this aim was even approached, let alone accomplished? At best there was a redistribution of justice here and there. But increase? None. So why shouldn't we finally admit that there operates in this world a Law of the Conservation of Justice, and stop making fumbling, and bloody, attempts to create that which can no more be created than the amount of it which exists can be reduced?

I particularly chose justice for discussion first because it is characterized by some unique traits which tend to mislead many into believing that something can be done about increasing its prevalence. These

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traits are quite interesting and I wish to point out a couple of them. For instance, justice seems to be characterized by something which can best be described as "clumping." It gathers in what amount to puddles, so that it is more prevalent in some parts of the globe than in others. A mere glance at the map will disclose this tendency, and it is not necessary to belabor the point. Obviously there is more justice in Minnesota than in Alabama, in England than in Zaire.

Justice likewise seems to respond to the magnetic attraction of the North Pole, and once again a glance at the map will prove this assertion. There is much justice in Canada; a little less in the U.S., if this country is taken as a whole. And it keeps decreasing as one moves southward, until there is precious little of it at the southern tip of South America, where Chile and Argentina dispute ownership of some icy islands; and none at all in Antarctica. Not a single court of justice on that continent. Could this distribution be accidental? Hardly. For the same pattern repeats itself elsewhere. Thus as one progresses from the Scandinavian countries, where there exists almost a superabundance of justice, it diminishes as one moves toward the equator and beyond, until one reaches South Africa where there is virtually none at all.

Nor, as I said before, is justice alone in respect of being a fixed quantity. Take such a phenomenon as pain. We boast that we have largely conquered pain. From aspirin to novocaine we have developed pain-killers. But I question these claims. It is a delusion, I insist. Pain exists in the same amount as before, despite all the new medications and drugs. Of course, we do suffer less pain individually, but this is due to the enormous increase in the world's population. Obviously, if the same amount of pain that once served one billion people now has to serve almost four billion, we will each suffer less. But the total quantity of this commodity remains unchanged.

I had an argument on this score with a dentist friend of mine. Out of self-interest he naturally resisted my assumption and defended the wonders of his profession in reducing pain. I challenged him: let all the dentists go on strike for one month, I said, and you will see that people all over will not suffer from toothaches any more than they do now. It was an impossible experiment, he said. Dentists are too individualistic to agree to such a test. And then it occurred to me that I could easily prove my point from another profession. After all, people also suffer pain from other causes—mental and emotional anguish, for instance. Then they go to psychiatrists. But by some strange quirk, all psychiatrists take their vacations at the same time, in August—the equivalent of a nationwide strike. Well, I gloated, have you heard of any epidemic of suicides or nervous breakdowns in August? And my friend had to admit that perhaps it was not pain-killers that helped sufferers from pain, but simply the lack of sufficient pain to allot to everyone as much of it as we used to enjoy in the past. Some masochistic sinners suffering from guilt even inflict pain on themselves, thus further reducing the supply available for all the rest of us.

The same principle of Conservation holds true for the life-force that animates all living things. True, the human population has vastly increased, and only the terror that the entire world may become one huge Bangladesh may halt the process. But on the other hand we hear of the drastic reduction of the whale population—blue whales, sperm whales, bottle-nosed whales, the whole lot. Has anyone stopped to calculate how many human beings weighing an average of 140 pounds can be endowed with life from the life-force animating a single seventy-ton whale? And then there is the reduced fish population to consider (have you tried ordering a fish course in a restaurant lately?), and also many other species which have diminished greatly and are on the verge of extinction.

No, I will not go into the exact statistics of the matter. Any reasonably open-minded person will readily agree that the figures will check out.

Not wishing to tire the reader with what should now be obvious, I will mention only one additional phenomenon in life. I have in mind inspiration—the kind that produces highly talented persons and geniuses.

'Way back, some 25 centuries ago, when the human population of the earth was a small fraction of what it is now, geniuses abounded. Athens, a village by present-day standards, produced—need I list them?—Homer and Aristotle and Plato and Socrates and many playwrights, sculptors and mathematicians of genius. Jerusalem, a small hilltop town, produced one prophet after another. But how many prophets roam the streets among the millions of New Yorkers today? How many Aristotles grace New York's university campuses?

The cause is obvious. With so many people around, the brush of finite inspiration has to apply the paint of genius too thinly. As a consequence we have hordes of associate professors of philosophy but not a single Aristotle. And not a prophet in sight, though we have herds of Ph.Ds in sociology, theology, etc.

The Law of the Conservation of Everything stands clear and undeniable, after having knocked on the doors of our consciousness for the past couple of centuries.

It is a depressing idea, I admit. In fact, if after reading the foregoing paragraphs the reader still has appetite for dinner, he is probably endowed with more than his fair share of optimism—for optimism, too, exists as a sharply defined, finite quantity.

Shlomo Katz

Shlomo Katz is a New York writer.

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The man who gave us "sexploitation" now is into "standards."

The King of the Tube

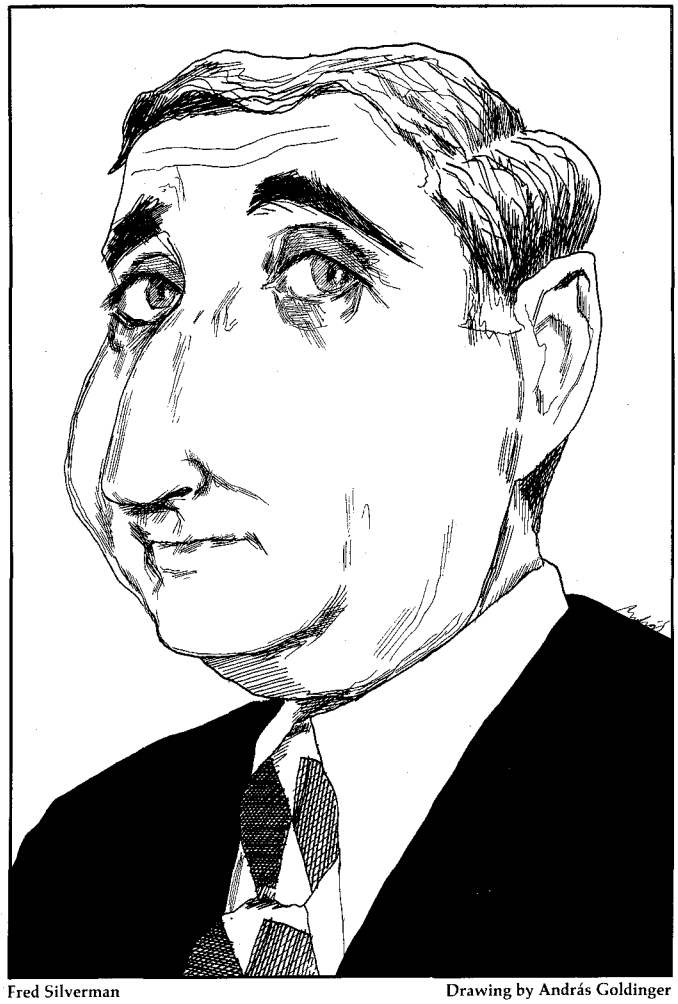
The pre-Silverman era in television, historians may note, was utterly ruled by Nielsen ratings. Programs lived or died by their ratings. The programmers judged themselves and their work by ratings, and were praised and fired because of them. The networks made or lost money depending on them. Now we are entering the Silverman era. Now, Silverman is the ultimate arbiter of quality and taste. It is he who defines and limits what we shall see. He sets the standards for the medium and is watched more carefully than the ratings.

What Fred Silverman does now, as president of the National Broadcasting Company may determine the future of television. What he has already done, as a programming executive for the other two networks, is to make the medium conform to the images in his own head. Rather than follow the ratings, he tried to lead them. His shows seemed to anticipate the moods, perhaps the lifestyles, of the audiences to which he aimed them. He seems to be America's ultimate TV impresario. He understands television because he watches it, and he watches it because he loves it.

Who decides what's on television? Not the viewers. Their only power is to flip a dial one of three or four ways, or off. Not the writers and producers. They offer and the networks choose. Not even the network programmers. They are editors, limited by what they have to select. Advertisers are the ones who make TV happen. The networks feel their force and act in their interests. Fred Silverman knows that force, and his achievements at manipulating it have made him at once the most successful and the most dangerous man in television. If TV is the most important mass cultural force in America, he is also one of the most powerful people in the country.

Fred Silverman's success is based on his ability to confuse and undermine his competition by continually shifting his direction. He dodges programming trends and creates odd patterns, hour-long comedies alongside documentary dramas, never working consistently within any established framework long enough for anyone to define a Silverman show by anything other than its top rating. By now he is a skilled practitioner of the art, the best; in 1972 he was just beginning.

In the spring of that year, he flew to California for a luncheon meeting of the Hollywood Radio and Television Society. As the programming vice-president for CBS, he had already made enormous ratings advances with the network's well-established line of situation comedies, such as "All In The Family" and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." He had the



Fred Silverman — Drawing by András Goldinger

respect of his industry, but had yet to revamp the schedule with his own brand of programming. With his two counterparts—Martin Starger of ABC and Mort Werner of NBC—he talked to the group about ideas for the future. Werner and Starger both praised a hot new television concept, popular among writers and advertisers alike—the mini-series, a feature-length adaptation of a best-selling novel for television, as an alternative to regular weekly programming.

Silverman objected. Labelling himself the "lone dissenter," he insisted that the continuing series was "the backbone" of television programming. It should not be replaced, he said, by anything other than an improved balance between series and occasional specials.

By 1977, Silverman had become president of ABC Entertainment, still responsible for programming and a major force in the industry. He had, by then, established new trends in programming—with rating successes like "Charlie's Angels" and "Laverne and Shirley" (more about them later)—and the other networks had devoted more time to competing than developing, particularly with the mini-series concept. Then Silverman reversed himself and stunned the industry. A twelve-hour version of Alex Haley's "Roots" was ready for broadcast on ABC, and Silverman scheduled it for eight straight nights in the middle of the coldest winter in recent memory.

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"Roots" reached the homes of people who had hardly ever watched television before. It became the top-rated entertainment program in television history and kept ABC atop the ratings, where Fred Silverman had put them in 1976 for the first time in years. His "Roots" triumph, five years after refuting the mini-series concept, revealed the secret of his strength—use quality programs, as well as trash, and get high ratings.

The last time ABC had been on top, Silverman was still consuming television without serving it. He came to the industry, as did most other program executives, as part of TV's first generation of programmers. He went to Syracuse University, then to Ohio State, where he received a Master's in Communications and wrote a 400-page thesis on programming that got him a job at CBS when he was 26 years old. He sped through the ranks and by 1963 headed the daytime programming unit. By 1970, he took charge of all CBS programs.

In less than two years, Silverman managed to revamp the prime-time schedule to suit his ideas. He added "brightness and lightness," he said—more comedies, more half-hour shows and more balance. One of his new shows was called "Cojack" (later "Kojak")—about a tough-but-sincere New York police lieutenant who sucked lollipops at the scene of the weekly murder. It caught on immediately. There is an unwritten rule, buttressed only by ratings, that shows whose main character has a name beginning with a "K" sound do better than those who don't—such as Kojak, Columbo, Cannon, Kaz and McCloud.

Silverman was ahead. He began to take more risks, shuffling old shows, top-rated ones; this defied established programming rules which kept top-ten shows locked in place. He started by taking the war comedy, "M*A*S*H*," from its safe Saturday night slot and moving it against NBC's rigorous Sunday schedule. The theory was that by taking viewers from other networks on Sunday, in addition to those already loyal to CBS on Saturday, a net gain in ratings would result. It seems logical, of course, but no one had ever dared to do it.

The risks didn't have to pay off—nine of the top ten shows already were on CBS—but it did. The next year Silverman threw the nation's most popular show, "All In The Family," into a slot directly opposite Monday night football on ABC. He figured that the ongoing story of a working class Brooklyn family which addressed topical issues unheard of on television before, would draw heavily from football fans. It worked. He moved, in all, ten top-rated shows to other time slots that season. The other networks, baffled and behind, rushed to rearrange their schedules, but by that time newly-developed Silverman properties were there to beat them.

NBC searched in vain for the proper response, but ABC found it. Silverman was purchased as president of ABC Entertainment. Now he was ready to break all the rules. In his three-year stint at ABC, Fred Silverman almost singlehandedly turned the network's revenue and ratings upward, following two decades of decline. In doing so, he allowed television viewers to wallow in escapist entertainment that reflected, not contemporary society, but Silverman's fantasies.

Shows that preceded him at ABC, such as "Happy Days," foreshadowed his own direction. That program capitalized in a vulgar way on the unexpected success of "American Graffiti," a quality nostalgia film about the early 1960s. The TV show exploitation offered laugh-track comedy focused around a sincere greaseball, The Fonz. The show succeeded, but proved that character identification on television can be lethal. The actor behind The Fonz, Henry Winkler, may never escape the role he created.

The ABC show most clearly associated with Silverman, "Charlie's Angels," has become a ratings smash and the precursor of "sexploitation." It features three young women private detectives in search of excuses to reveal a bit of breast or backside every hour. Silverman got attacked for dispensing garbage on the airwaves, but what did he care? People watched, and the network gave Silverman not just free reign over prime time programming but also power to design new shows from other divisions. The most successful of these, "Good Morning America," was changed from a morning news program to chitter-chat between actor/hosts and actor/guests. The ever-important ratings rose. Silverman's success signalled that news should entertain. He authorized the purchase of Barbara Walters from NBC for a reported $1 million, another sweeping publicity gesture to further promote his level of control and power.

Then this February, Silverman jumped to NBC as president, leaping over several traditional steps en route to the top. The audacity of his move stunned the industry and left most observers wondering whether he would turn the entire network to the kind of *kitsch* he created for ABC. But when he made his first speech to the annual network convention in June, he proceeded to stun everyone again. He said: "And finally, true leadership requires responsibility—programming that does not violate general standards of taste. We must avoid material that would alienate significant elements of the audience, and we must continue steadfastly to make the difficult and delicate judgments that draw the line between the offensive and the acceptable, under changing public attitudes. For example, our overall prime-time programming is designed primarily for adults, but we must always remember that children are watching, too."

Silverman has given only one major interview since that speech, telling *The Washington Post*'s television critic, Tom Shales, that "once you arrive at the point of

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leadership, you turn into a caretaker, a custodian. Then if, God forbid, the ratings should slip a tenth of a point the guys in the sales department start screaming, and if the stock should fall a half a point, people downstairs start screaming." But he has already started to serve his employer, promoting his new line of "tasteful" programming. He has pulled several sexploitation comedies off the air and introduced "Lifeline," a documentary about medicine with real doctors playing the roles. It has achieved critical success and he says it could "change the face of television." He has scheduled a situation comedy for next month, "Diff'rent Strokes," about two ghetto children adopted by a kindly millionaire.

Silverman keeps changing television by engulfing it. Television lionizes its ratings wizards, and Silverman is the best. He'll show the best and the worst, so long as it sells. Now, if he carries out his promise to restore "standards" to television, Silverman will prove only that he has no standards at all.

David Blum

On the Hill.

The Final Daze of the 95th Congress

It was Sunday noon, nearly 28 hours into one of the longest congressional sessions in history, when Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana took to the Senate floor to address the issue of Medicare payments for Pap smears. Bayh's interest was no passing whim. He had first introduced a bill to have the government pay for tests to detect cervical cancer in elderly women in 1974, and had reintroduced it in the early days of the 95th Congress. He had pushed hard to get hearings for his bill, to get the wheels turning in the process that would transform his bill into a law.

But he had not met with much success in this Congress. It wasn't that his bill lacked merit—studies show that it is women over 55 who are most likely to get cervical cancer, and the lack of Medicare funding means that a lot of women are not able to afford the tests. But it was pretty expensive (at about $60 million a year), and the Senate Finance Committee, under whose jurisdiction the bill came, showed such disinterest in the measure that hearings were never held.

Under normal circumstances, a bill without a legislative record, on which no hearings have been held, or "mark-ups" or a favorable committee vote, would have no chance of passage. But these were hardly normal circumstances. When Congress comes down to the final wire on the last day of a session, anything can happen. The passage of legislation takes on a blitzkreig quality. Manic, frantic activity sets in, and what counts, quite simply, is what one can get away with. Bayh had been around enough of these last-day sessions to know that with a great deal of luck he might just be able to get his Pap smear bill passed. But by noon on Sunday, time was running out and what he needed, desperately, was to find another bill onto which he could attach an amendment that would embody his proposal.

What he found, finally, was the Trade Adjustment Assistance Act.

How it came to be that Bayh's interest in Pap smears ended up welded to Trade Adjustment Assistance is a confusing and convoluted tale, but it's illustrative of the way things work on the last day of a congressional session. That this "last day" was longer than any in recent memory (it went on for 34 hours straight, beginning Saturday morning and stretching until after 7 p.m. on Sunday) was due to the extraordinary number of important bills that had to be acted on—energy legislation, tax measures, airline deregulation and appropriations bills of all shapes and sizes. Those are the things you read about in the paper the next day—the measures upon which a Congress is judged a success or failure. But unless you are there, it is difficult to get a sense of how crazy it is too—"the witching hour" Rep. John Seiberling called it round about 3 a.m. Sunday—how bills fly back and forth between the House and Senate, how million-dollar pork-barrel provisions get dressed up as "technical amendments," how most of the Congress votes blindly on hundreds of bills, with no idea what's in them.

At about 4 a.m., for example, after Senator James Abourezk had given up on his 12 hour mini-filibuster on the energy bill ("It's not an energy plan, it's a hold-up . . . "), Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd went into his "computer" act. Sounding like a country auctioneer ("I-ask-unanimous-consent . . . "), he dispensed with almost 40 bills in an hour. Most of them were routine, uncontroversial matters (though no one but Byrd knew what, exactly, all of them were about), except a seemingly innocuous measure to name a Shreveport, La. federal building after retiring Rep. Joe Waggonner, the local congressman. That, it turned out, was an 87-page bill containing over a billion for new water projects. Convulsing into laughter, Abourezk objected to the measure, thereby waylaying it, after hearing the name of one of the proposed projects. "I've been trying to kill that one for years," he said.

Then there was Rep. Fred St. Germain, the Rhode Island Democrat and chairman of a House banking subcommittee, who, upon learning the Senate had passed a version of a banking reform bill he didn't like, substituted for the entire thing provisions of his own bill on the subject, which had not been considered by the House. It passed sometime early Sunday morning.

Which brings us back to Birch Bayh and Pap smears.

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8 reasons why people are looking forward to reading Esquire again

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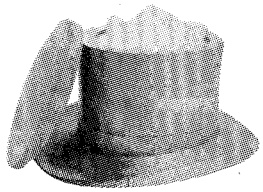
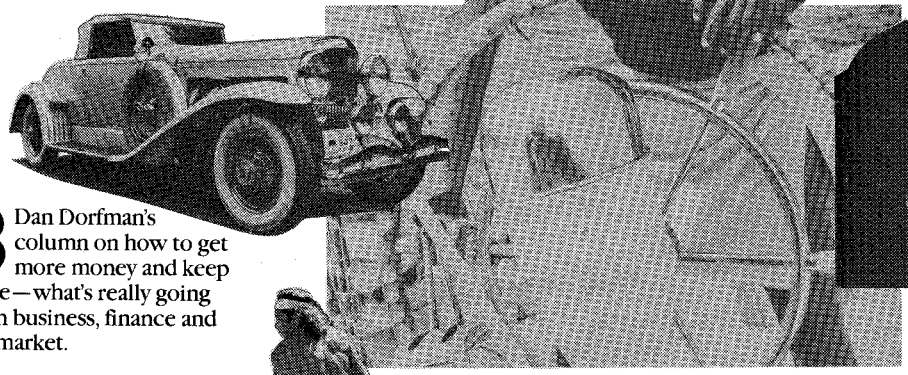
2 Steven Brill's regular column gives you the lowdown on the law—who's making it, who's breaking it, what's new, and what's changing.





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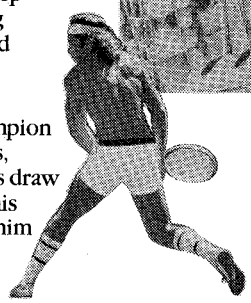
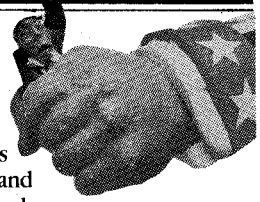


4 On tennis champion Guillermo Vilas, whose instincts draw him to poetry, while his tyrannical coach ties him to tennis.

5 A portrait of a modern-day prince: Fiat's handsome chief, Gianni Agnelli—how does Italy's richest, most powerful industrialist cope with living on the razor's edge, a constant target for terrorists?



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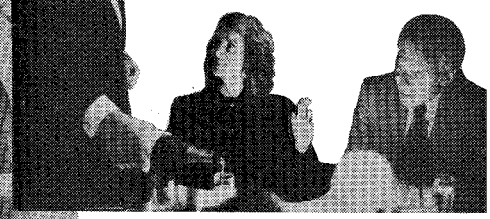
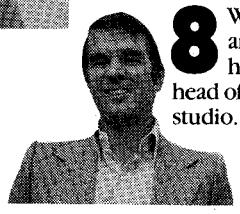
7 What a food critic learned about service and tipping when he worked as a captain-under-cover in a fine French restaurant.





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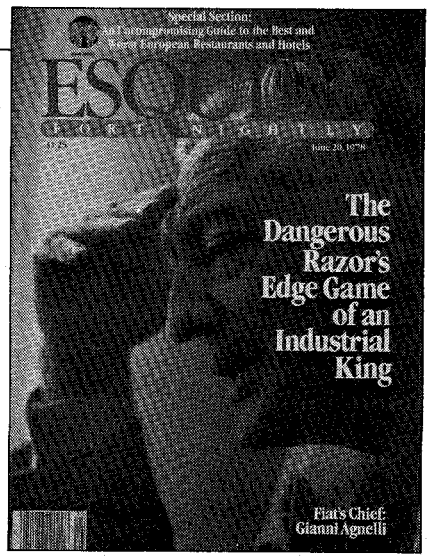

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Getting a bill passed has always meant getting the right mix of a number of factors—not only the savvy of the sponsors or the merits of the measure, but personality, timing, a bill's position in relation to other measures under consideration. On the last day, with so much being done in so short a time, all of these factors become magnified a hundred times.

A good part of the reason why Bayh ended up attaching his Pap smear amendment to the trade bill at noon on Sunday was that six hours earlier, St. Germain had talked him out of putting it on the banking bill. (St. Germain feared, probably rightly, that a $60 million health amendment could be enough to sink his beloved banking reform measure.) And prior to that, for much the same reason, Senator Russell Long, a man who thrives on the last day rush, had talked Bayh out of putting it on the tax bill.

Trade Adjustment Assistance was one of the last bills the Senate considered, and it too was a bill Bayh cared about. It was designed to extend a form of unemployment compensation to workers who lose their jobs due to foreign imports, and in Bayh's Indiana, at least 1300 steelworkers would be eligible for such money. But being one of the last major bills to be considered, it was also the natural magnet for a host of amendments that had nothing to do with trade adjustment assistance. The Carter administration didn't even like the idea, (the original $140 million price tag was too expensive) and had fought it throughout the congressional session, but was now firmly committed to its passage. The reason was that Carter's trade wizard, Bob Strauss, saw the bill as a vehicle for attaching an amendment to gain a waiver of mandated penalties for cheap European imports. Without the waiver, Europeans and others could get steamed up enough to withdraw from ongoing trade talks. (Talk about interrelated factors: the waiver was also on the sugar bill, tacked on by Russell Long as sweetener to get the administration to buy an expensive price support system. But the administration really preferred to see Long's sugar bill die, which it did, and had put its waiver on the trade bill as a way to hedge its bet. Thus for the administration, the Trade Adjustment Assistance Act was the last gasp attempt to get something important passed at the last minute. Got all that?)

Around noon Sunday, Byrd called up the trade adjustment bill, and the fun began. Russell Long was first on his feet, asking that he be allowed to tack on a simple little amendment that would continue a federal program allowing the government to track down wayward fathers who weren't paying child support. The manager of the bill, Senator William Roth of Delaware, tried to dissuade Long, explaining (much as Long and St. Germain had done to Bayh) how a clean bill could get through the House, but a bill full of amendments probably could not. Long was not deterred, but the bill was put aside temporarily, while the Senate took up the sugar bill.

In the meantime, Senator Jacob Javits of New York, seeing that Long had his amendment, wrote his own amendment to the trade bill. Javits's situation was much like Bayh's—he had a welfare bill he cared about and he, too, had been frustrated for the entire session by the Finance Committee's refusal to hold hearings. Now, seeing his opening, he rushed in to take it. By the time the Senate was back to the trade bill, he was ready. Despite Roth's pleas, Javits succeeded in attaching his amendment to continue welfare payments to children whose parents are ineligible for aid.

Then it was Bayh's turn. Unlike Javits or Long, Bayh had consulted House members about the tender mix of Pap smears and unemployment assistance. There was no problem on the House side with *his* amendment, he insisted. Bayh believed the trade bill should not be loaded down. He knew that the House in these late hours would take a genuine dislike of bills stuffed full of senators' pet projects. But the chain had already started, and Bayh was not going to miss his last chance for the Pap smear amendment. By now, a seated Long, a frustrated Roth and a mollified Javits all agreed to Bayh's provision. Long, for one, didn't see any problem with Bayh's amendment: "Welcome to the club," he said only half in jest. "The bill now has a pick of amendments. It helps poor mothers. It helps all these ladies who have cancer. How can they turn it down?"

If things were confusing over in the Senate, they were absolutely wild in the House, where the Senate-cleared Trade Adjustment Assistance Act now went. By this time the bill to help unemployed workers had picked up two welfare amendments, the waiver, a teeny twist from Sen. Abraham Ribicoff allowing duty-free entry of a certain number of Soviet-made watches from the Virgin Islands, as well as $60 million for Pap smears.

By the time the bill hit the House, it was well after 6 p.m. Sunday, and the House had been through the worst of it. The energy bill and the tax compromise had passed. The jazz jam session conducted in the cloakroom by Republicans was over, and members had stopped pulling zany stunts like that of Representative Bill Young, who made his entrance for the energy vote wearing neon slinky-eyeball glasses.

Roth had been right. It might have been legislation by exhaustion, but there were enough House members awake to realize the Senate had declared open session on the trade bill. Representative Jim Guy Tucker of Arkansas, protector of the watch industry (there's a big Timex plant in his district) ripped apart the Ribicoff provision and replaced it with an amendment to place a duty on all watches made from Soviet parts imported through the Virgin Islands. That would get Tucker lots of brownie points back home.

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Representative James Corman was next. Out went Pap smears and the two Senate welfare amendments, and in went pet health aid provisions that House members had struggled for all year. The only resemblance to the old trade bill was the administration's waiver and yes, trade adjustment assistance for unemployed workers. With that done, the House passed the bill and sent this new version to the Senate, where Byrd had been preparing to call for adjournment. But wait, the president was on the phone. Would Byrd be good enough to try to get the bill passed? he asked. Byrd, as it happens, didn't have a lot he could do. Long took a look at the new House-passed health amendments and proclaimed them unacceptable. Senator Carl Curtis, the most powerful Republican on the Senate Finance Committee, didn't like the looks of the amendments either. No dice, they said, and with that Byrd called it quits.

We watched all this happen at the time, but it's still taken us a few days of phone calls to reconstruct the events. Even by last Tuesday, after the smoke should have cleared, most of the aides who worked on these bills had conflicting reports on what actually did what to whom and when. "It was just wild," said one, "but I guess that's how it always is at the end." Another added, "A lot of people overplayed their hands on this one." But nobody could really say for sure why the trade package failed. Because Long got greedy with his nail-the-father amendment? Because Corman got greedy with his health amendments? Because Roth wasn't astute enough to send a clean bill to the House? Who's to say?

"This is the kind of thing that makes you sick about the way the legislative process works," said one aide, finally.

As for Bayh, he says he'll try next year to get Medicare funding for Pap smears. Same time, same place, no doubt.

Joseph Nocera and Julia Rose

Joseph Nocera is an editor with *The Washington Monthly*. *Julia Rose* is a reporter with *Congressional Quarterly*.

John Paul may not have divisions, but he has savvy.

Politics and the Polish Pope

by Tad Szulc

By electing Poland's Karol Cardinal Wojtyla to the papacy, the Roman Catholic church has thrust world politics into a wholly new dimension with extraordinary and far-reaching consequences that can be fully measured only with the passage of time. This is the considered judgment of highly sophisticated diplomatic observers in Washington, Rome and Warsaw. While the choice two months ago of John Paul I as successor to Paul VI was essentially another chapter in ecclesiastic history, the elevation of the 58-year-old Polish prelate to the Holy See as Pope John Paul II constitutes a global political event of vast proportions.

His broad outlook on the world, his abiding interest in international affairs, his knowledge of Communism, his activist background in Polish politics, and his personality appear to assure that John Paul II will rapidly emerge as a diplomatic voice and influence of major significance perhaps unequalled in modern times. "A crucially important new player has entered the international arena," an experienced observer here commented after analyzing the new Vatican situation. This view is known to be shared in the White House, where Polish-born National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski is well acquainted with John Paul II.

The stunning decision by the 111 cardinals to select a pontiff from Poland, where powerfully nationalistic Catholicism is a crucial political force in challenging the monopoly of Communist rule, is certain to pose extremely serious dilemmas for the Soviet Union, Poland itself and other Eastern European countries, and for Communist parties in the West.

When I met Cardinal Wojtyla in Warsaw last November—he was on one of his periodic visits to the capital from his Krakow archdiocese—I was impressed by the depth of his detailed understanding of foreign policy problems. He was interested in the prospects of Soviet-American detente under the Carter administration, the president's human rights policy, Middle Eastern and African developments and third world tensions.

As we talked about human rights, the cardinal spoke with passion of the need to advance them in Poland.

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And from the point of view of the church, he told me, "the most important thing is not obtaining permits to build more churches, but winning the right to teach religion in the schools and—crucially—to assure access by Catholics to the mass media without official censorship."

I asked him whether such goals by the church did not, in effect, constitute important political demands from the communist regime. He smiled, his eyes twinkled, and he said that, "yes, one could draw such a conclusion." He said that while the church concerned itself above all with the nation's spiritual needs, these needs clearly included "freedom in all forms." Poles, he said, should strive for it. Looking back at that conversation, these were the outlines, as I now see it, of the new pope's engaged political position on fundamental matters.

This does not mean that John Paul II will set the church on a collision course with Communism. He is too aware of power realities, and his long exposure to the problems of Catholic co-existence with the Marxist establishment in Poland inevitably will guide him toward a more subtle approach. Still, the psychological and political impact of the fact that the church is now led by a pope who is identified with intense Polish nationalism is bound to be overwhelming in the context of East-West relations.

Cardinal Wojtyla's election represents a vindication of the Polish church's 30-year struggle for the rights of Catholics in that Communist country and for Polish nationalism, a struggle in which he had been deeply and personally involved. It also represents a recognition of the Polish church hierarchy's wisdom in participating in a unique system of accommodation on a basis of equality with the Warsaw regime. Such an accommodation is deemed by the Polish church to be required by pragmatic exigencies of averting an open confrontation with the government that could tear the society asunder. Clearly, the regime, accepting the reality of Catholic power, has likewise accepted the accommodation, particularly in the last decade, and important concessions have been made to the church through the development of this dialogue.

Unlike his predecessors in recent centuries, John Paul II comes to Rome as a hardened political fighter, as well as an impressive theological intellectual. He may lack the purely professional diplomatic experience of Pius XII who, as Cardinal Pacelli, served as the Vatican's Secretary of State for nine years before reaching the papacy; of John XXIII, a Holy See diplomat as Cardinal Roncalli; or of Paul VI, who as Cardinal Montini, was Under Secretary of State and Pro-Secretary of State. But he has practical experience in this area gained under the harshest of circumstances. Furthermore John Paul II is well traveled in Western Europe and the United States, possessing notable insights into international politics. His most recent voyage was to West Germany, accompanying the Primate of Poland, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski on a visit of political significance in the light of the still complicated relations between the two countries.

Given all this background, John Paul II looms as an eminently modern pontiff operating on a top level of international politics. His election has already enhanced the political role and the prestige of the church in a world where Catholicism has been suffering a loss of influence. The desire to regain it at this time of universal change may have well been the decisive factor in his choice by the Roman conclave. And it is more than likely that the strong group of North American cardinals, in conjunction with those from Western Europe and Latin America, played a decisive role in arriving at the "Polish solution" once Italian candidacies had been discarded.

John Paul II seems to potentially hold such political power that, as a Washington diplomat remarked, Stalin could not have asked today his contemptuous question "how many divisions does the Pope have?" For if he had, the diplomat said, the answer would be that in political terms his "divisions" are deployed throughout Catholic Eastern Europe in a period of rising instability and dissent in the Communist-controlled region.

The dilemma clearly facing the Soviet Union and its associated Communist regimes is how to cope with the new political reality of the Polish Pope. They must make the assumption that for psychological and political reasons the advent of this pontiff will reinforce dissent in Poland and elsewhere in Eastern Europe. As Cardinal Wojtyla, the Pope had supported ideological dissent in his own country and, specifically, in his Cracow archdiocese, where sentiment against the regime runs high, especially among young people. He had done so while, as part of the exquisitely delicate political balancing act performed by the Polish hierarchy, he had encouraged the dialogue with the Communist government as a necessity in Poland's special conditions.

Should, indeed, the election of John Paul II trigger a new wave of dissent, the problem facing Warsaw—and Moscow—will be how much tolerance can be afforded without undermining of the Communist system in the long run. The decision will be immensely difficult, given Poland's deep economic troubles and the consequent danger that any return to a hard line toward the church and its spiritual and political followers could touch off an explosion.

Moreover, any acts of repression against the church would be inevitably perceived as an assault on the pontiff, who cannot disassociate himself entirely from his own personal history. Conversely, tolerance presumably has its limits for Communist leaderships, chiefly in Moscow, while the Polish dissent movement carries the strong imprint of the Wojtyla pressures for such new concessions as a greater access of Catholics

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to the mass media, free of censorship, and authorization for the teaching of religion in schools.

"What will Warsaw and Moscow do if a 'Prague Spring' emerges in Poland with church support?" a diplomat in Washington asked, referring to the aborted Czechoslovak experiment in socialist freedom in 1968. "Will they intervene decisively with a Polish Pope on the throne in Rome?" It is in this sense that the accession of John Paul II has created a new dimension in Communist and East-West politics, a dimension that cannot yet be precisely defined, but that cannot fail to significantly affect the overall picture.

The extent of the dilemma is completely appreciated by the Warsaw regime, though the Soviet attitude remains unclear. The Polish Communist government enthusiastically greeted the election of the Cracow Pope because it could not have done otherwise in the light of the immense surge of nationalist sentiment set off by Cardinal Wojtyla's election. That pride is certainly shared by Polish Communists, too, and the regime, which until weeks ago feared that Cardinal Wojtyla would succeed the aging Cardinal Wyszynski as the Primate, evidently is keener than ever on maintaining cordial relations with the Vatican. But the future is unforeseeable.

On the other side of the ledger, the pontiff faces widespread misunderstanding in the West concerning his role in the accommodation with the Communist regime. Western commentators unfamiliar with Polish problems and those of the Polish church have launched speculation that John Paul II might favor a general rapprochement between Catholicism and Marxism. In the Italian context, for example, thoughtless suggestions have been offered that the Polish pontiff will help to strengthen the Communist party in its rivalry with the Christian Democrats.

Such arguments reveal an ignorance of the subtleties involved in the Pope's position. He has been accused of accepting the "Socialist option" because of his opposition to a Vatican document, never issued in the end, condemning atheism in Communist countries. John Paul II's view, however, was that such pronouncements would only aggravate the situation in Eastern Europe from the standpoint of nationalistic churches and break the dialogue from which Catholics have importantly benefited.

It has also been overlooked that John Paul II belongs to a new generation of the Polish church, much more attuned to the social needs of the people than has been the case with the pre-war hierarchy. Personally, he comes from a working-class family, clearly an element in his philosophy. As Adam Michnik, a leading Polish Catholic dissenter, wrote in his book, *The Church and the Left*, the church must adopt socially advanced positions to be credible to generations brought up under Socialism and to attract them to its cause. The new Pope represents this line of thought albeit he remains a moderate conservative in church matters and, for instance, opposes abortion.

The day after his election, John Paul II declared that his involvement in politics would be confined to "moral purposes." But this requires a deeper and more subtle interpretation: the new pontiff, politically minded as he is, holds an exceedingly broad view of "moral purposes."

Grey Eminences, VIII.

Connecticut Yankee At Large

by John Taft

Mark Twain's pragmatic Yankee has become an archaic figure. Everyone knows the type—simple, practical, the sort of person who could manage in almost any setting. Chester Bowles, that lone and lofty example, succeeded as a businessman, foreign and civil servant, writer-lecturer and politician. A millionaire at 35, he made every penny of his money. And yet, after a lifetime of action and common sense, Bowles has the reputation of an idealistic dreamer.

John Taft is writing a book on American diplomats since World War II.

One reason for this is bad timing. Bowles rose to the top, especially in diplomacy, by innovating. During that sterile period after Joe McCarthy, he continued to needle the Democrats, so his fame went into an uneven decline. When events began to vindicate him, he suddenly retired. And not much has been said about him since.

Bowles was always inclined toward public service. In the 1920s, public service meant exactly that. College graduates like Bowles went to Washington to *serve*, not just to inflate their egos and incomes. But the family business failed, so to support his parents Chet found

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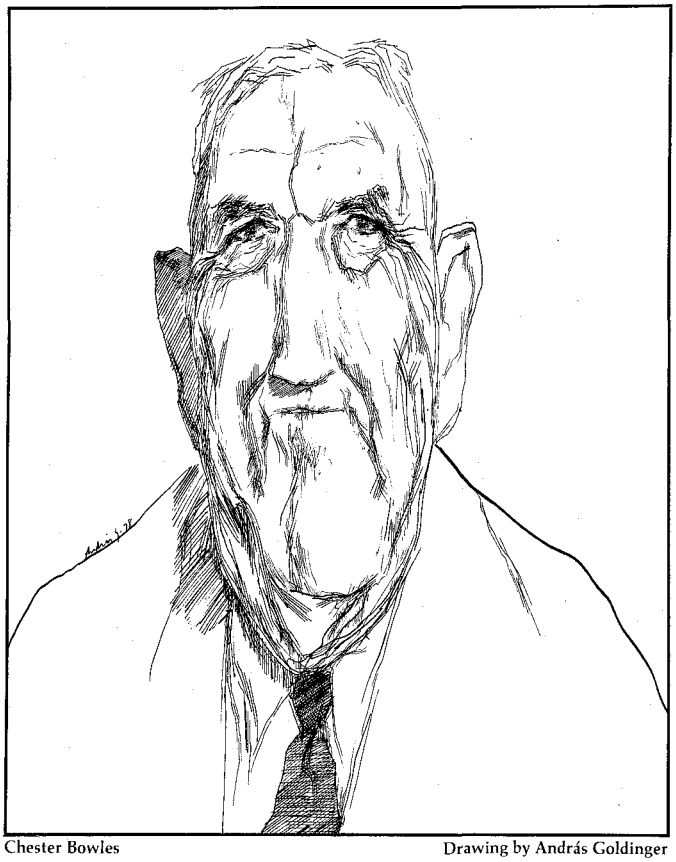
work on Madison Avenue. He made a fortune in advertising by his talent for exploiting new ideas and understanding popular sentiment. This talent helped him to organize the price control office (OPA) after Pearl Harbor and sell it to both Congress and the public.



Chester Bowles — Drawing by András Goldinger

Perhaps the best administrator of World War II, Bowles had few illusions about private business. He knew when the corporations were asking too much or receiving too little. However, his evenhanded integrity began to isolate OPA after the war. He wouldn't offer patronage and wouldn't make exceptions. When Truman pressured him to raise steel prices in 1946, he suffered a physical collapse, sending febrile protests from his sickbed to the White House. A few months later, Congress forced him to resign and inflation skyrocketed.

Bowles ignored the lesson here. His great weakness, fatal to him later on, was a distaste for party and palace politics—he never adjusted to other people's insularity. Still, in the turbulent 1940s, a maverick Democrat could move up. Bowles slowly worked his way into Connecticut politics, promising to elevate the "little people." In his campaign for state governor, he was praised and denounced as Roosevelt's successor, an unreconstructed New Dealer, a closet socialist. Labor unions gave him crucial support and, to the annoyance of party regulars, he won.

The Governor's effort to keep his promises to the little people, against a GOP legislature, had surprising success. Without a deficit or tax hike, he launched a construction program in low-cost housing, schools and hospitals, while also pushing civil and tenants' rights. He increased pensions, cut regulations, and tried to streamline the bureaucracy. Liberal votaries saw Bowles as presidential material, but his enemies were on the upswing. They called him a "queer duck" who had imported pinkos and eggheads from New York to administer a policy that was bankrupting the state. The 1950 election, his only loss to a Republican, was clouded by Joe McCarthy and Korea. While Bowles discussed the issues, his opponent depicted him as a disciple of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Madison Avenue.

Ex-governor Bowles did not brood about unfinished business. He never brooded. He cut himself loose and turned to new enterprises. Declining several job offers from Truman, he asked for the US embassy in India, then a diplomatic backwater. Here was a country that might appreciate America's liberal face. With his wife, three children and a cat, he left for New Delhi, a political outcaste.

In India, Bowles achieved the most spectacular success of any US ambassador anywhere in memory. His children attended open-air schools in New Delhi, where they debated Marxist teachers and made a hit with the Indian press. His wife, a social worker and amateur farmer, began by learning Hindi in a matter of months. Hauling nets and riding donkeys, the ambassador might sometimes have affected an apostolic poverty, but at least he showed a genuine concern for every race and class. He mixed easily with local journalists, who helped him to interpret American democracy to India and Indian neutrality to America. Indeed, Bowles and his family set a standard for US diplomacy in South Asia which none of his famous successors—like Bunker, Galbraith and Moynihan—ever equalled.

Back in Washington, the Secretary of State took a dim view of these activities. Dean Acheson had a low opinion of Indians anyway—they were so greasy and uncooperative! Now he conceived an even lower opinion of Bowles. Years later, commenting on another envoy, Acheson said that Ellsworth Bunker "always represents the United States. He's not like some who put on a sari and splash around in a rice paddy. He's reserved, cool and calm." That was a swipe at Chester Bowles, but in 1952 he left Bowles alone. South Asia seemed too insignificant for an ambassador to do much harm.

Meanwhile, Bowles persisted with a Gandhian blend of symbolism and practicality. (Vicious Communist insults reassured him that he was on the right track.) To improve their image and morale, he cured his staffers of British habits. With his UN and economic-planning background, he could sympathize with Nehru's policies, and the two got along famously. Bowles quickly enlisted American aid and expertise for India's development plan by pulling strings in Washington—outside the State Department.

Eisenhower dismissed Bowles after Republicans labelled him a security risk. So the next five years he

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spent writing and lecturing on foreign affairs, in alliance with a prep school friend, Adlai Stevenson. In short, Bowles began running for secretary of state, and in the end he almost made it.

Besides a few lecture potboilers, Bowles's campaign took the form of third world travel and three books: one on India, a second for Stevenson, and another for the 1960 elections. His best-selling *Report* on India showed a flair for journalism. Trained at Yale as a scientist, Bowles had absorbed a liberal education on his own, which gave his writing an undisciplined freshness. In early 1947 he had called for free trade, European unity and immediate aid to Europe and Asia. After visiting India, he recognized that South Asia's main problem was land reform, especially in Vietnam; moreover, military aid and alliances were pointless in that part of the world. In the manner of all innovators, he also made some serious gaffes: he had joined America First in 1940, and he liked to proclaim the relevance of the American Revolution to Asian upheavals. Yet his eccentricities were usually justified by history.

Conservatives worried that Bowles might become secretary of state when candidate Stevenson published an enthusiastic review of his second foreign policy book (*TNR*, November 14, 1955). In fact, Stevenson's only gripe was that the book sounded too nonpartisan. This detachment from politics could not last long. Three years later, Bowles entered Congress and became friendly with another preppy schoolmate, John F. Kennedy. They touted each other's latest books, and Bowles acted as JFK's foreign policy advisor for the 1960 campaign. "Senator Kennedy," he said, "believes that the economic gap is as important as our missile gap." Like most liberals, he thought that Kennedy wanted to change our policy towards Asia, including China. After the election, conservatives again began to worry, until Kennedy made Bowles only second in command at State.

Under-Secretary Bowles—so pear-shaped and imprecise—was a misfit in Kennedy's Camelot. His style was old-fashioned and his politics were *avant-garde*, the reverse of a typical NewiFrontiersman. He advised against the Bay of Pigs invasion and stirred things up in the Foreign Service by recruiting outsiders, such as George Kennan. Since he spoke their language, he felt comfortable conferring with politicians on the Hill. His long, unorthodox memos puzzled White House staffers, until finally the President asked Dean Acheson what was wrong over at State. Why was Foggy Bottom so inefficient? He got a predictable reply—"Chester Bowles!"—and followed Acheson's advice. Later on, recalling his dismissal from the State Department, Bowles explained it correctly: "Anyone who looked as far ahead as the day after tomorrow was a visionary."

Kennedy gave him a White House job as "special representative" for third world affairs, then in 1963 sent him back to India as ambassador. However, neither position held much influence. Dean Acheson, Rusk and Bundy had their own visions about the future of southern Asia, an area which Bowles understood far too well for his own good. As for the others, Professor Galbraith reminds us that Bowles "doesn't tell of the failure of his friends—Galbraith definitely . . . possibly Arthur Schlesinger, others—to rally adequately to his side." His honest, wholesome style had frightened most of them away.

President Johnson—though he liked to complain about Bowles's bad breath—was annoyed less by his style than by his policies. LBJ ignored the ambassador's advice on Vietnam, assuming that an affection for India would distort anyone's view of Asian nationalism. When India, in turn, denounced the war, Johnson responded by holding up grain shipments and sending arms to Pakistan. Moscow's entente with Madame Gandhi strengthened, and it was all Bowles could do to prevent Indo-American relations from disintegrating. After six years of this, he was directed by the Republicans to come home.

Towards the Kennedy clan, Bowles shows not a trace of rancor—he has tried, with every new movement, to exploit what is good and overlook what is foolish. He supported Bobby in 1968 and would like to support Ted, whom he calls "the best of the Kennedys." Asked recently whether JFK disappointed him, he gave an evasive answer. And in the late 1960s, when his son converted to Marxism, he also expressed sympathy for new left politics. Neither the new left nor the New Frontier did much justice to his New Deal flexibility.

After retirement, Bowles's gift for exploiting new economic ideas became a tendency to resurrect old ones. He announced during the embargo that gas should be rationed and the oil companies nationalized. Regarding the ge-price freeze, he wisely told Nixon to make the controls mandatory and limit them to oligopolies. But later he began urging an excessively complex program of the type he had once administered. With more bureaucrats like Bowles around, even a comprehensive freeze might work. We are no longer so fortunate.

In a recent fit of Hindu idealism, Bowles gave nine-tenths of his Connecticut farm to a nature conservancy—retaining all the benefits of a hundred rural acres, minus upkeep and property taxes. Very shrewd. And so it still is with his diplomatic instincts. He feels that any US military presence abroad, except in Europe, is beside the point. It costs us money and profits us nothing. Even in Europe, military balances are an insufficient basis for peace.

India's prime minister seems to empathize. As a final stop in America last June, Morarji Desai visited Bowles's farm to pay his respects and ask the ambassador a question. Was Chet optimistic about the world? Yes, came the reply, because young people are so much more constructive than they used to be. Whomever could he have in mind?

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Low Fun in High Places

Sometimes I think of the Kennedy Center, Theater Division, as a big bad kitchen, with Roger L. Stevens as the dullard chef cooking up messes of flat grub for Washington and, often, New York. He means so well, but all that's good about him is his intention, not his taste. His mediocrities, in new plays and revivals, are his peaks.

Two of the first three plays of the Broadway season were sent from Kennedy Center, and they weren't even mediocrities. An Australian play by David Williamson called *Players* was about power politics in the front office of a football team and was supposed to be a paradigm of the "real" world, one of those *multum in parvo* affairs; but the structure was so clumsy and the texture so thin that it came out all *parvo* and no *multum*.

Next, a Chef Stevens blue-plate special, covered with thick cafeteria gravy. Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, the authors of *First Monday in October* (Majestic) and best-known for *Inherit the Wind*, have intellectual valor at about the same level as Falstaff's martial valor: they come along well after Hotspur is dead and growl ferociously over him. The daring in this legal-social comedy is staggering in its pussy-cat coziness. It's a quasi-romance set (talk about meeting cute) in the Supreme Court of the US: it's between an old justice known for his liberal dissents (William O. Who?) and a newly appointed woman justice, a notorious conservative from California, dubbed "the Mother Superior of Orange County." We know that these arch-enemies are bound to get somewhat closer together: that's what God made Lawrence and Lee *for*. The woman is a widow; the old man is married, so of course his wife divorces him—for marital inattention and for plot convenience. At least that part of the doings is in fairly chipper dialogue. The dreariness is the fake-valorous arguments between the two justices about freedom of speech—a pornography case—and freedom of enterprise—some corporate shenanigans; every slow step is earnest high-school debate. The whole thing isn't a play, it's a recipe.

The Lawrence-Lee court includes a black but (the only real surprise of the evening) no Jew. Memories of Abe Fortas still too pungent? Jane Alexander, the conservative, has gained greatly in command and technique in the last few years but has done little to improve her residually adenoidal voice. Henry Fonda, as the old curmudgeon, makes me sad. Within his limits, vernacular and closely mimetic, Fonda is one of our best actors. He has recently been sick and is now patently not the man he was. (The play nervily takes a leaf from life by giving him a heart stoppage at one point.) His acute shadings are gone. He seems now so conscious of his weakness that he pounds the key words in his lines to show that he's *not* weak. His timing is still flawless, but his grip is not the same. It's sad.

Edwin Sherin's direction is at least free of his usual touches of overheating. Oliver Smith's sets are directly related to the presence of Fonda in the cast. These days few producers would do a play with so many sets and changes—very expensive, I'd guess—without a bankable star.

The scene is the mayor's house. On stage the mayor and a lot of town officials. The mayor says: "I have invited you here, gentlemen, in order to communicate a most unpleasant piece of news: a government inspector is coming to visit us."

We can digest that opening when we read it, perhaps feel a twitch of comedy-to-come, but what's to be done with it in the theater? A play can't begin so baldly. Any production of Gogol's *The Inspector General* that I have seen or read about has opened with some sort of pantomime. The new production at the Circle in the Square has three or four minutes of it, surely no world record. When Meyerhold produced the play in Moscow in 1926, a production that elicited more critical literature than any other in the history of the theater, the performance began with slow music and a rolling platform that bore a tableau out toward the audience. And the embellishments continued. Meyerhold's script was longer than the original, and he put in tableaux and pantomimes that made it even longer. Further, he shaped the whole production under cinematic influence: he divided the five acts into 15 episodes, and he enjoined his actors to "remember Chaplin . . . or Keaton . . ."

All this means that Meyerhold thought the play needed *treatment* to give it theatrical life and comic effect. And this was in a country where the many word-plays in the characters' names were understood (to translate them would be unbearable) and where the national smell of the corruptions that are the play's target was right in the audience's nostrils. For us, the play as such suffers further, not because we are quite corruption-free in government but for sheerly artistic reasons. When *The Inspector General* was first done in 1836 it was a bombshell; but it has since sired so many bombshells that a comedy of political chicanery now needs more substance and disclosure than, ironically, its very sire. We must all take off our hats before the Wright Brothers air-

Films Worth Seeing

Autumn Sonata. Ingmar Bergman at his near-best. A daughter and mother (Liv Ullmann and Ingrid Bergman) meet after seven years and flay open their lives. Excellent.

Girlfriends. Modest, truthful handling of cliche situation: young New York woman facing freedom. Claudia Weill's first, and welcome.

Go Tell the Spartans. Hard to find but worth looking for. Vietnam, 1964. Not free of "movie" touches but has some guts.

Heaven Can Wait. Oh, well, all right. Warren Beatty's re-make of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan.* A time-passer.

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plane, but who wants to fly in it? After the who-knows-how-many plays and films on this subject—Kanin's *Born Yesterday* and Sturges's *The Great McGinty* come first to mind—*The Inspector General* is Kitty Hawk.

This is *theatrical* judgment. Gogol's comedy, loved by so many readers, is weak on stage today. Theater expectations, conscious or not in us, are very different from reading expectations; and to watch *The Inspector General* is to watch one joke extended and spun out. The crooked officials of a provincial town learn that a government inspector is coming who can expose and ruin them all. They mistake a penurious visiting government clerk for the inspector, and they ply him with bribes. The mayor's wife offers herself, the mayor's daughter gets engaged to him. When the clerk has gathered up a bundle of loot, he sneaks away—and the arrival of the real inspector is announced. (Victor Erlich suggests that the new man may be another impostor!) The scenes of bribery and cajolery are simply repeated over and over with insufficient instrinsic variety and no line of growth. We just wait the play out, with respect.

This comedy is not alone in declining stage life. I could easily list 50 classic comedies, powerful in the theater's past, that would have a hard time on stage today. (Why this is not equally true of serious plays, and it's not, is too complex to explore here. I'll only cite W.H. Auden, a classicist, who says that in epic or tragic or lyric art, "we see change but no progress . . . When, however, we consider comic art, it seems to us that the progress has been immense.") So for critics to complain, as some have done, that Liviu Ciulei has inserted a lot of "business" in *The Inspector General* is to miss the point. To revive this play means, as it does with many old comedies, to revise it. Only two things can give it a chance for new theatrical life: the director's invention and the cast's virtuosity.

The Circle production is weak on the first point and null on the second. Ciulei is a 55-year-old Romanian, active in both theater and film (one of his pictures took a Cannes prize in 1965), who has done several American productions in recent years. He is, in Gogol or elsewhere, in comedy or tragedy, a director who believes in expropriation of the work. I saw his productions of Büchner's *Leonce and Lena* and of *Hamlet* at the Arena in Washington; the first was a boutique of avant-garde fashions, and the second was squashed, all the mysteries trodden out. I saw, too, his production of Wedekind's *Spring Awakening* at the Juilliard in New York which seemed primarily designed as a Ciulei showcase but where he at least showed some ability to release young actors.

In Gogol he has apparently followed Moscow Art Theater models. When the MAT did their production of Gogol's *Dead Souls* here in 1965, most of the characters had physical properties extended into costume: performance and dress were inseparable, as if each actor had put on a monkey suit or a rooster suit and was moving about, faceless, within it. That style has been followed here, with William Ivey Long's good costumes, and it gives each supporting actor one note to strike, and one only. Worse, the notes are struck in a limbo between realism and Meyerhold's grotesque. Three exceptions: Renee Lippin as a tongue-tied maid, Bill McIntyre as a nobody, and Bob Balaban, in white wig and whiskers, who gets off a pretty good act as an antique servant.

The two leading actors would have sunk a better production. Theodore Bikel, the mayor, tries to be bear-like but is only self-consciously noisy. Max Wright, the false inspector, is a wispy whiny poseur, a miniaturist of parlor-cutup range, with the annoying vocal trait of letting his voice run continuously through lines, so that the words come like blobs on a continuous hum.

The inadequacies of the Circle playing space can possibly be blamed for some of Ciulei's clinkers—for instance, the attempted seductions of mayor's wife and daughter both take place on the floor because there's no way to get furniture out there in that scene. But most of it is pure, or impure, Ciulei: Eastern European hand-me-down sparked by egocentricity. The latter shows especially in changes for change's sake. Gogol asks for a minute and a half of frozen dumb show at the very end after the real inspector is announced. Ciulei gives us the dumb show *before* the announcement. We hear a long chunk of Tchaikovsky's *1812* while most of the cast just sits there. And we sit too, while the point is missed and the tedium protracted.

Michael Ullman on jazz

New Records: Women in Jazz, Kral Space, Stormy Monday, plus The Mad Hatter

Pianist Marian McPartland confessed recently that she once shared the popular prejudice against women jazz musicians: she reacted with horror when bass player Carline Ray showed up for a job—"Oh, God, a woman bass player!" Of course there have been women performers as long as there has been Afro-American music. Singers like Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith led their own bands, preaching the blues to generations of listeners, and impressing its feeling and form on thousands of musicians. Lil Hardin Armstrong, not herself a virtuoso pianist, promoted the career of her young husband, Louis. Mary Lou Williams became, as arranger, composer and pianist, the driving force behind the Andy Kirk band, earning the praise that she "played like a man," though she wrote only like herself. Later, the "girl singer" was a fixture of swing bands; however, she was important for her sexual appeal as well as for her voice. Vibist Marjorie Hyams talked of her years with Woody Herman: "In a sense you weren't really looked upon as a musician, especially in clubs. There was more interest in what you were going to wear or how your hair was fixed . . . they just wanted you to look attractive, ultra-feminine—largely because you were doing something they didn't consider feminine."

The woman who wanted to be a jazz musician had special problems, besides the popular prejudice against the music itself. The childhoods of many early jazz musicians were enlivened by the need to elude their parents in order to get to the places where "the devil's music" was performed: one imagines that such escapes were even more difficult for young girls than for their brothers. An

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improvising musician is self-assertive in ways that might have been thought unseemly for a young woman. The earliest female musicians were usually singers or pianists: the piano was once considered a "feminine" instrument and a woman could play it without sweating, blowing out her cheeks, pushing in her teeth, or standing up before a crowd. More recently, women have taken up every instrument: Melba Liston and Janice Robinson are prominent trombonists, Vi Redd is a saxophonist, and Toshiko Akiyoshi co-leads the most successful big band of recent years.

Stash Records has recently issued three single albums devoted to *Women in Jazz* and designed to publicize the neglected contributions of women throughout the jazz decades. Stash ST-111 presents eight all-women groups, including several led by Mary Lou Williams. Most of its music was made in 1945 and 1946—the heyday of the "all-girl" bands. The record has three cuts by "The International Sweethearts of Rhythm," a creditable swing band led by Rae Lee Jones. These groups had a sort of commercial appeal—most were organized by men—but they isolated female musicians, many of whom would rather have been judged as musicians than exploited for their oddity. Still, the message of these bands was "A Woman's Place is in the Groove," to quote the ambiguous title of a Vivian Garry piece. Someone else named the big band the "International Sweethearts": the band's revenge might be the title of the first cut on this album, "Digging Dyke." Stash-112 presents 16 women pianists, from Arizona Drane playing gospel in 1926 to Toshiko, caught in a boppish, live performance with Charlie Mariano. The Lil Armstrong-Louis Armstrong cuts are readily available elsewhere; not so the fine bop piano stylings of Utta Hipp or Barbara Carroll. Stash-113 covers *Women in Jazz* "From Swingtime to Modern," the latter being the late 1950s. This album includes air checks of Marjorie Hyams featured with Woody Herman, and of Beryl Booker with Miles Davis. (Stash Records' address is P.O. Box 390, Brooklyn, New York 11215.)

Lovers of jazz singing have been saddened recently by the deaths of two polished, expressive chanteuses, Teddi King and Irene Kral. Each had been enjoying a revival of interest in her music, and each left masterful recent recordings. In 1975, Irene Kral recorded *Where is Love?*, supported only by Alan Broadbent on piano (Choice Records CRS 1012). It is an intimate rendering of nine poignant ballads. Now Choice has released a second set by these artists: *Gentle Rain* (CRS 1020). Again, Kral sings a superior set of interesting ballads, from Ellington's "Something to Live For" to Tadd Dameron's "If You Could See Me Now." *Kral Space* (Catalyst Records CAT 7625) is a more outgoing set. Accompanied by a full rhythm section, Kral's voice is tinged with sarcasm on "It's Nice Weather for Ducks," but she seems incapable of taking seriously the cynicism of Dave Frishberg's "Wheelers and Dealers." Before Teddi King died last November, she and Dave McKenna made an informal demonstration tape of the songs of Ira Gershwin; this tape has been issued as part of *This Is New* (Inner City 1044). The album has the feeling and some of the mistakes of a live set: Ms. King's voice is warm, ebullient though controlled—her tight vibrato reminds one of Mildred Bailey, and her enunciation is perfect. It is appropriate that she created a record dedicated to a lyricist. The record is rounded out by McKenna's piano solos on songs that King was supposed to have recorded at a later session. Listeners who want to hear an earlier Teddi King should look for Zim Records' *The Nat Pierce Orchestra, 1948-1950*. This Boston-based band featured Charlie Mariano and Ralph Burns as well as pianist Pierce (Zim Records ZM-1005; their address is P.O. Box 158, Jericho, New York 11753).

Critics of Bill Evans suggest that his playing sounds too much like conversations with himself. Though lyrical, his music is, like good poetry, something we seem to overhear: he once said that a noisy audience stimulates him to get further into his own playing. In the 1960s, Evans made two recordings of "Conversations with Myself," overdubbing a second and sometimes a third piano part. *New Conversations*, Evans's first recording for Warner Brothers, is a third album using these techniques. As he suggests in the notes, Evans makes music that has "a delicate balance of romanticism and discipline." Discipline and forethought are necessary in a project like this if the results are not to be cluttered. One might further mention the beautiful sound Evans evokes: his virtues combine most effectively on Duke Ellington's lovely "Reflections in D," a performance on a single piano (Warner Brothers BSK-3177).

Last April, Mary Lou Williams gave a concert with Cecil Taylor, the most tireless member of the jazz avant-garde. Williams had heard Taylor play, and commented quite rightly on the spiritual qualities of the man she came to call "my Giant of the Avant-Garde." As she believes in the continuity as well as the healing power of her people's music, Williams was eager to present "the full sweep and history of this music called jazz." The resulting non-stop performance, ranging in styles from spiritual to ragtime, was recorded and is now available (Pablo 2620-108). The evening must have been one of the most exhausting of Ms. Williams's life: Taylor is as energetic as usual, and he is relentless in his oblique comments, often mocking, on Williams's efforts to impose the structure of the spiritual or boogie-woogie on his improvisations. This fascinating two-record set concludes with Ms. Williams's "I Can't Get Started," a white flag she waves before an appreciative audience. She did get started, for her playing was forceful throughout, but she couldn't tame the tornado.

ABC Records has issued several two-album sets of John Coltrane material, most of which was unreleased previously. On Volume I (ABC IZ9345/2), the classic Coltrane quartet of McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Garrison and Elvin Jones offers several untitled compositions by Coltrane, new versions of "My Favorite Things" and "Nature Boy" and, strangely, "Feeling Good" from *The Roar of the Greasepaint, The Smell of the Crowd*. In Volume II (ABC IZ9346/2), Roy Haynes's taut, nervous drumming replaces the more expansive work of Elvin Jones. Both sets present us with prime examples of Coltrane in the middle sixties.

Xanadu Records has issued another batch of original be-bop records. Most striking are the duets of Al Cohn and Jimmy Rowles on Xanadu 145. This is Cohn's fifth record on Xanadu—all are attractive. His fans shouldn't miss the tenor player's eight-minute duet with Dexter Gordon on "On the Trail" (Xanadu 137), and they certainly should hear Cohn's ballads on the new album. Rowles's accompaniment is often puckish and amusing, but his introduction to "These Foolish Things" is pure and unaffected. Don Schlitten has also issued an album of live Wardell Gray (Xanadu 146) and a whole set by Earl Coleman, the barrel-chested singer famous for his version of "Dark Shadows" accompanied by Charlie Parker. Coleman has come out of the shadows with *A Song for You* (Xanadu 147).

Chick Corea's previous album, *The*

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Mad Hatter (Polydor PD-1-6130) was a restless affair meant to evoke various aspects of the Alice in Wonderland story—presumably from the Hatter's point of view. To Corea's charming melody "Dear Alice," singer Gayle Moran set some words that might make the sensitive uncomfortable: "Good afternoon, my dear Alice / Please don't think I have malice, / But your world of pretend, / Will most certainly end." Alice turns on the cynic, asserting "It is you cannot feel." Not an album with a "theme" as obtrusive as the possible permanence of childhood, Corea's newest record *Friends* was made by a quartet which performs eight of his compositions. These have the offhand grace typical of Corea's work: at its best his music seems innocent and fresh, if no longer profound (Polydor PD-1-6160).

Fantasy has issued what seems to me the best Kenny Burrell album of recent years in *Stormy Monday* (F-9558). And Fantasy's Galaxy Series includes a new record by Tommy Flanagan, the pianist who has just recently quit as Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist. Gentle in speech, Flanagan is dramatic and elegant when playing the up-tempo be-bop tunes he grew up with. This album ends with Flanagan flying through Dizzy Gillespie's "Groovin' High" (Galaxy 4-5110).

Trumpeter Woody Shaw played with Eric Dolphy while he was in his teens, and then later with such figures as Horace Silver and Art Blakey. (His solo on "I Can't Get Started" is the highlight of Blakey's *Child's Dance*, Prestige 10047). In recent years he has played with a cooperative group co-led by Louis Hayes. Now his own band has made its first record for Columbia, and people are saying that Shaw is likely to replace Miles Davis or Freddie Hubbard as the public's favorite trumpet player. In some ways, Shaw's music is more demanding than that of either of his predecessors: his tone can be brittle and astringent, his phrases darting and irregular. *Rosewood* (Columbia JC35309) features Shaw's quintet and several pieces by a larger group. The compositions are generally up-tempo and the playing aggressive: only the introduction to "Sunshower" suggests a ballad, and Shaw's playing of it sounds oddly tentative. For his more peaceful side one should listen to "Nisha," a ballad written for Shaw's fluegelhorn and available on Louis Hayes's *The Real Thing* (Muse Records 5125). Shaw has been widely quoted as saying "When jazz stops swinging, it's not jazz." Once a truism, this type of statement has become a manifesto.

An avant-garde group that has kept swinging is Air, a graceful and articulate trio of musicians. Henry Threadgill plays a variety of wind instruments, including a big-toned tenor saxophone. Fred Hopkins is the group's bassist, and Steve McCall its percussionist. The latter is a marvel: his most striking playing is feathery light and flexible. Air can be heard on two readily available recordings—*Air Time* (Nessa N-12) and *Open Air Suite* on Arista's Novus series (AN3002). As this group becomes more well-known, one can predict a number of bad puns on its name—their playing is airtight, for example—but I predict that no one will duplicate the verbal ingenuity of their titles. The first piece on *Open Air Suite* is called "The Jick or Mandrill's Cosmic Ass."

Arlington House has issued the fourth edition of Brian Rust's near 2000-page discography, *Jazz Records 1897-1942*. In two handsome volumes Rust lists all the known record sessions of that period, and includes artists from Irving Aaronsen to Bob Zurke. The new edition repairs some gaps, adding the few takes of Jelly Roll Morton missed by the third edition, for instance. These volumes have a new feature: they index all recorded songs listed elsewhere in the book. Thus, one learns from this listing that the "Sheik of Araby" was recorded 37 times in those years, while "She's my Sheba, I'm her Sheik" was neglected by all but four bands, and "If You Sheik on Your Mama, Mama's Gonna Sheba on You" was favored only by Edmonia Henderson in 1924. This is a perfect gift for the jazz record collector.

Books Considered

The History of Sexuality, Volume I: An Introduction by Michel Foucault

(Pantheon; $8.95)

My main purpose here is to persuade you not to read this book. Normally such an injunction would be superfluous: most books go unread automatically. But in the case of Michel Foucault you might just succumb to the pressure of intellectual guilt. Foucault has risen to the top of the Parisian ideological heap, succeeding such redoubtable figures as Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, and Claude Lévi-Strauss. Actually his star has already begun to fall in France, where the period of intellectual tenure is brutally short. But he is the latest of the French rages to reach America.

The contours of France's intellectual life, as has often been observed, differ markedly from America's. Perhaps the most obvious difference is the unique centralization of intellectual endeavor in France. The closest approximation in America is the New York intellectual community. But the New Yorkers have never exercised the hegemony that the Parisians enjoy: in France virtually everything that matters intellectually happens in Paris. One result of this concentration of mental energies is that reputations are made and collapse with amazing speed. Another—more ominous—is that the demand for intellectual novelty is insatiable. The atmosphere resembles that of a hothouse in which exotic plants are germinated and kept alive well after Mother Nature would have dispatched them, only to be replaced by even less favorable variations.

The History of Sexuality is, by my reckoning, Foucault's ninth book. All his subjects fall within the domain of what Americans call social and intellectual history. He has written on the history of mental institutions (as well as conceptions of mental illness), on the history of prisons, and on the history of European social thought. Most of his work, however, is unrecognizable in terms of the way these subjects are treated by Americans. A generous estimate would contend that Foucault has stood back from his material, unburdened himself of the usual myopic scholarly apparatus, and succeeded in identifying the underlying logic of the institutions and

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ideas he examines. A critic, on the other hand, would insist that his work is empirically shoddy and unscientific—that his ideas are so grandiose and elusive that they can never be falsified.

I will admit to a tolerance for grandiose and unfalsifiable ideas. Intellectual wild men are sometimes useful; indeed they often advance scholarly opinion. Karl Marx in *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* is both a casual and heavy-handed historian, but he nonetheless manages to establish a new way of looking at historical events. Friedrich Nietzshe is an even more spectacular myth-maker in *The Genealogy of Morals*, but, like Marx, he makes us see his subject in almost breathtakingly novel fashion. There is, then, a place for the Big Thinker.

But Foucault is not a Big Thinker. He has merely adopted the mannerisms of one, above all a proclivity for arresting assertions that, under closer examination, turn out to be just so many nice-sounding words. He is a disciple of Marx the rhetorician, the phrase-maker who opens his argument with, "Hegel remarks somewhere that all great, world-historical facts and personages occur, as it were, twice. He has forgotten to add: the first time as tragedy, the second as farce." But unlike Marx, Foucault doesn't follow through on these gestures. Instead of a new way of seeing things, we simply get more gestures.

In the present work (the first of six promised volumes on the subject) he sets out to disabuse us of received opinions about the history of sexuality. He is particularly eager to discredit what he calls "the repressive hypothesis," the notion, namely, that sexuality underwent a systematic suppression sometime between the 17th and the 19th centuries (the chronology of the argument is exasperatingly approximate), from which it emerged only with the sexual revolution of the early 20th century. The repressive hypothesis, in Foucault's version, also holds that sexual repression occurred primarily in the interests of capitalism—pleasure was denied so the body could be put to work—an idea derived, I presume, from Herbert Marcuse, although Marcuse is nowhere mentioned. Against this conception, Foucault maintains that the period since the 17th century has seen an uninterrupted crescendo of "sexual discourse." To support his argument he marshals, paradoxically, many of the sources that have traditionally been cited as evidence of the suppression of sexuality by the Victorians. All these sources, he says, document an ever-increasing preoccupation with sex—in other words, just the opposite of what the "repressive hypothesis" supposedly holds.

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This, I'm afraid, is an embarrassingly feeble piece of argumentation, and it hardly qualifies as a revelation. Foucault says no more than the obvious, and what every purveyor of the "repressive hypothesis" has always conceded: one does not repress sexuality unless one considers it dangerous. Victorianism, in other words, was a necessary prerequisite of the sexual revolution—not in the sense that suppression calls for liberation, but in the sense that one must agree that something is important before making a significant effort either to snuff it out or to emancipate it.

The emptiness of Foucault's argument is the more regrettable since there is need for a book that examines the language—the "discourse," if you will—of writings about human sexuality. In particular the manner in which 20th-century students of sex speak about their 19th-century predecessors virtually cries out for demystification. There is a kind of permanent sneer on the face of these writings, most of which make the Victorians sound like drooling idiots. The culture that produced John Stuart Mill, Karl Marx, Alexis de Tocqueville, and Giuseppe Verdi is portrayed as entertaining a series of sexual prejudices so foolish that even a child could see through them. Such a failure of historical imagination would be laughed out of academic court were its subject anything other than sex. (A happy exception to this tradition is Linda Gordon's study of the American birth control movement, *Woman's Body, Woman's Right*, which shows that the "prudishness" of 19th-century American feminists was a fully conscious political tactic: it was a means—the only one available at the time—of asserting women's control over their own reproductive processes.)

We could benefit, then, from a critique of the blithe grammar of sexual modernism. But Foucault, for all his talk about the importance of language, has produced nothing so useful or modest. Instead we have his refutation of the "repressive hypothesis." Sensing perhaps that his thesis would never see the light of publication were it presented in its naked simplicity, he has decked out his book, like its predecessors, in the most extraordinary language. Fancy or demanding styles can sometimes be fun—one thinks, for example, of Gibbon's wonderfully lumbering sentences or of Ruskin's highly charged metaphorical flights—but they are pleasurable, I would argue, only as long as they maintain their integrity. The manner has to be at the service of the message. The prose must originate in sense, not in sound. Foucault, manifestly, is one of those authors who write with their ears, not with their heads. What he tries to create, above all else, is a certain tone—highfalutin, patronizing ("of course," "after all"), and, whenever the argument threatens to run thin, opaque. He tells us that sexual "discourse" (the word occurs hundreds of times) is out of control, but in reality what's out of control is Foucault's French.

The most innocent effect of the "sound before sense" method is simple emptiness. Thus we read, "This discourse on modern sexual repression holds up well, owing no doubt to how easy it is to uphold" (p 5). The sentence exhibits three typical features of the Foucaultian manners: jargon ("discourse"), the patronizing gesture ("no doubt"), and, most important, lack of substance. It gives every evidence of having been written by ear. My favorite sentence of this sort comes from the "Forward" to the English edition of *The Order of Things* (1970): "When I was writing [the book] there were many things that were not clear to me: some of these seemed too obvious, others too obscure." Only an author who writes by ear would say, in effect, "Many things were not clear to me because they seemed too obscure." You take such an author seriously at your peril.

Then there is the matter of evidence. For the most part Foucault belongs to the "I-can-say-anything-I-want" school. "Surely no other type of society," he writes, "has ever accumulated—and in such a relatively short span of time—a similar quantity of discourses concerned with sex" (p. 33). How does he know? He doesn't, really, but he's Michel Foucault and therefore not bound by the usual conventions of evidence.

Actually Foucault's relation to "the

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facts" is a good deal more devious than that of the traditional philosophic historian. He actively cultivates the image of an empiricist. His method of courtship is the strategically placed arcane reference. Into the middle of a characteristically airy disquisition he will drop an empirical tidbit, which seems to promise complete mastery of the relevant data and therefore legitimizes the philosophical proceedings. For example, in a footnote on page 56 we read about a "hand-written note" of Charcot's, "which can still be found at the Salpêtrière." One immediately pictures Foucault spending day after dreary day rummaging about in the archives, pouring over obscure documents. Here, surely, is a man to be trusted, one who really knows his stuff. Alas, the empiricism of this book is strictly theatrical. One could, without much difficulty, collect its factual references onto a few pages. The rest is shooting from the hip—argument by assertion, and the repetition of assertion until it assumes the aspect of incantation.

Precisely because his attitude toward evidence is so casual, the reader never knows what value to assign Foucault's statements. One of the major themes of the book, as I have noted, is the continuity of Western sexual attitudes since the 17th century. As a particular instance of that continuity, Foucault suggests that the modern sexual interview (presumably in the manner of Kinsey) is derived from the medieval confession. The idea is intriguing. But is the continuity real or merely apparent? Foucault provides no means of testing the proposition—neither direct proof of continuity, nor (second best) comparative data from other societies. This insouciance about evidence has plagued all of Foucault's books, most damagingly his last, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, as was demonstrated with withering precision by both Gordon Wright (in the *Stanford French Review*) and Robert Brown (in the *Times Literary Supplement*).

Foucault-followers will probably be excited by the treatment of sex and power in *The History of Sexuality*. The two, he writes, are intimately related. This proposition, and its corollaries, turns out to be just another variant of the "sound before sense" procedure, although "sight before sense" might be more accurate here. What Foucault does, in effect, is conflate two vocabularies—a political and a psychosexual one—with a view to intellectual titillation. Nietzsche was the first to discover the pleasures of such lascivious juxtapositions. When speaking of sex one uses words like "deployment," "extortion," "incitement," "proliferation," "intervention," "annexation," "tactics," and "strategy." But the effect is purely cosmetic. Foucault's actual assertions about the role of power in sexual relations, once decoded, are almost invariably banal. Do we honestly need to be told that power is not monopolized by the state, that teachers exercise it over students, parents over children, husbands over wives, or that power can also flow in the opposite direction—that students have power over teachers, children over parents, women over men? I suspect this kind of talk has a special appeal to the political veterans of the 1960s, men and women who have lost the convictions that enabled them to act decisively during the Vietanam Years, but who nonetheless hope to retain at least the remnants of a political vocabulary. Foucault offers a sanitized political ambiance, a world of words that echo of more heroic days. One must merely avoid examining them too closely or they will evaporate like a basin of soap suds.

American adventurer.

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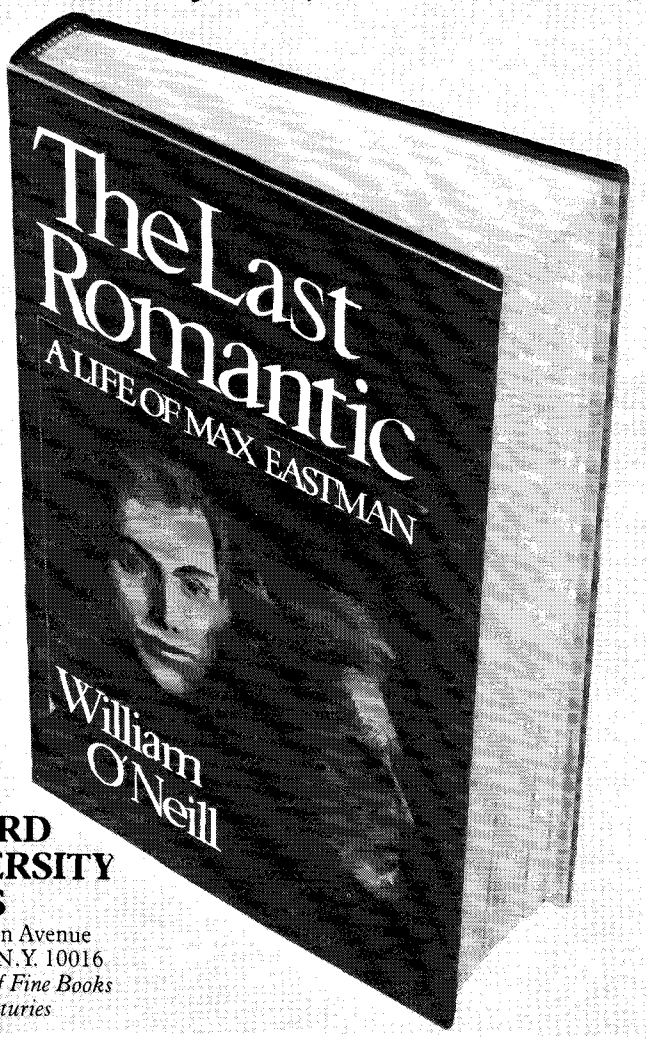

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It would be unfair and dangerously inaccurate to ignore Foucault's real power as a manipulator of language. At its best his prose can take off with a switched-on intensity that reminds me of nothing so much as the *fioriture* of a coloratura soprano. One is intensely aware in these passages of an author listening to himself, screwing himself up to ever more extravagant assertions. Their effect on the reader, inevitably, is a kind of lowering of the intellectual guard: he is lulled into thinking—almost to hoping—that anything that sounds so grand must surely be meaningful. The operatic image is quite appropriate: *fioriture*, more often than not, is a way of dressing up an otherwise plain melody to lend it musical and dramatic interest.

Ultimately, then, this book is an intellectual embarrassment. Worse than that—and I say this with due consideration—it comes very close to being a fraud. It is, moreover, symptomatic of the state of French intellectual affairs at the moment. One of the reasons Foucault can get away with his nonsense is that he is flanked on the intellectual left, so to speak, by even more irresponsible writers like Lacan, Derrida, and Kristeva. One wonders what could have brought on a breakdown of this magnitude in the land of Descartes. It is as if Nature were revenging herself on the French for the overweening rationalism of their intellectual heritage.

When I finished the book I had an unmistakable feeling of *deja lu*. It has taken a while to identify the connection, but I believe it is Auguste Comte. The French have been through this all before: the "father of positivism" enjoyed a renown in the 19th century that now seems all but unbelievable in view of his well-deserved neglect in the 20th. When Foucault finishes his six volumes of *The History of Sexuality* they can be put on the shelf right along side the six of Comte's *Course of Positive Philosophy*, which they promise to resemble in their self-indulgent theorizing. Marx apparently knew what he was talking about: Foucault would seem to be playing farce to Comte's tragedy.

Oh—if it's the history of sexuality that interests you, there are two books on the subject I can recommend with confidence: Steven Marcus, *The Other Victorians* (NAL), and (however immodestly) Paul Robinson, *The Modernization of Sex*(Harper & Row).

Paul Robinson

Paul Robinson teaches history at Stanford University.

A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous Fourteenth Century by Barbara W. Tuchman

(Knopf; $15.95)

There was room for a good book on the 14th century; but this, alas, is not the book we were waiting for. What Mrs. Tuchman gives us is chronicle, not history—not surprisingly, perhaps, since she draws so heavily on the famous chronicler Froissart. In essence her book is a chronicle of the wars between England and France as seen through the eyes of a wealthy French nobleman, Enguerrand de Coucy, "the most experienced and skillful of all the knights of France." He is a useful peg for Mrs. Tuchman's story, partly because his estates bordered the contentious Flemish lands, partly because he was connected with both the English and French royal dynasties, and not least of all because he was always off on wars and missions, to Italy, Switzerland, Tunisia, to the pope at Avignon, and finally to the inglorious crusade against the Turks, in whose captivity he perished in 1397.

All this gives Mrs. Tuchman a chance to widen her panorama, with colorful pictures of strange places, though France and its noble families always remain at the center. Nevertheless Coucy's career is an odd peg on which to hang what purports to be a history of the entire 14th century. He was not, after all, born until 1340; his first appearance on the stage of history occurs in 1358, when characteristically he is found cutting down peasants "without pity or mercy"; though active earlier, it was only after 1380 that he rose to prominence and only in 1390, at the age of fifty, that he finally emerged as "the leading noble . . . in the royal entourage."

All this comprises a good deal less than half the century and points to one of the critical imbalances in Mrs. Tuchman's book. This is her neglect of the fifty years before 1348, although she is well aware that, except for the plague, the "adversities" and "disorders" of the century all "arose from conditions that existed prior to the Black Death." The second imbalance results from her fascination with the knightly class, as exemplified by Enguerrand de Coucy, as though the nobility, with all its inborn prejudices and limitations, was representative of the teeming diversity of 14th-century Europe. And the third imbalance is simply the geographical limitation of her view, as though France was (as, indeed, she seems to think it was) the "favored land of the Western world."

No one reading Mrs. Tuchman could possibly realize, for example, that China also was afflicted after 1335 by popular risings on a scale far in excess of the French Jacquerie, that the Chinese population decreased by 40 percent between 1278 and 1393, or that Japan also was involved in incessant civil war after 1333. But even without going as far afield as Asia, the self-imposed limitations are evident. Germany figures scarcely at all in Mrs. Tuchman's narrative, except when Coucy takes it into his head to go there, and though we hear much of urban unrest in Paris and Rouen, and less of that in Florence, England and Flanders, nothing is said of the ten years of class war and terror in Salonica between 1342 and 1352, of similar movements in the chief cities of Aragon, or, later in the century, of the disaffection in the cities founded by the Teutonic Knights in far away Prussia.

These omissions are important because they preclude the simplistic view, which Mrs. Tuchman has apparently made her own, that the troubles of the 14th century stemmed from the extinction of the Capetian dynasty in 1328, the war between England and France that followed, the pillaging of France by English troops and freebooters, the consequent breakdown of law and order, and the feckless irresponsibility of the French ruling class. If we want to know why the 14th century was (in Mrs. Tuchman's phrase) a "calamitous century," we must look further and look deeper than she has chosen to do.

Troubles which encompassed the whole continent from Ireland to Poland

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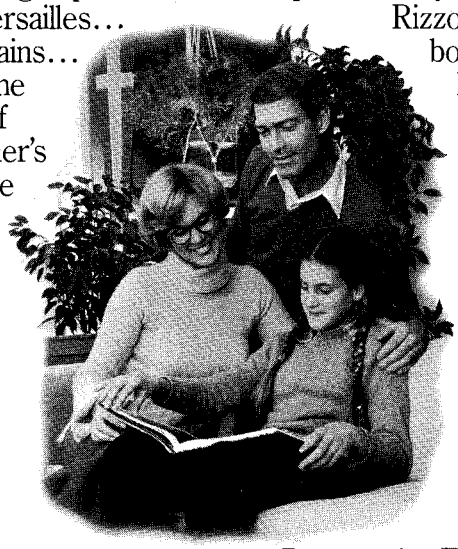

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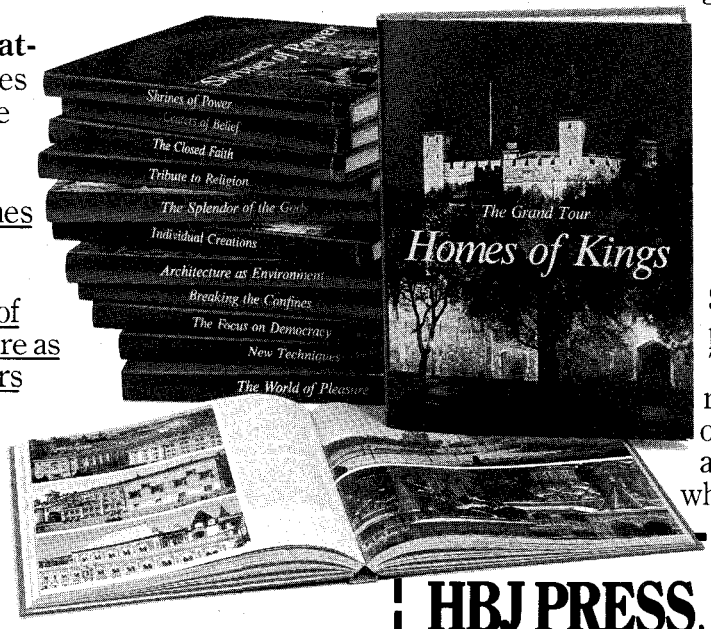

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and from the Hanseatic north to the Greek south cannot be explained by a chronicle of events. They require historical analysis. Instead Mrs. Tuchman deluges us with facts and details, piled together higgledy-piggledy from here, there and everywhere. And yet, at a distance of 600 years, what we want—or should I say what intelligent readers want?—is explanation, not narrative. In themselves, Coucy's exploits at Arezzo or Mahdia or Nicopolis are a tale full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. If, at this distance of time, the history of the 14th century has any claims upon our attention, it is to discover what went wrong, how and why the proud, confident society of St. Louis's day crumbled, what were the underlying processes at work. Here, in an examination of the processes of change, we may perhaps learn something of advantage to us in our own changing world.

Mrs. Tuchman has at least an inkling of this. She is surely right when she claims that the 14th century—"violent, tormented, bewildered, suffering and disintegrating"—has a "compelling" interest for people living in a similar period of "collapsing assumptions." But unfortunately there is no follow-up. The 14th century may be a "distant mirror"; but what it mirrors never comes clearly through. Instead of serious historical analysis we are regaled with a kaleidoscopic picture of depraved morals, frenetic gaiety, wild expenditure, debauchery, greed and avarice; but perhaps Mrs. Tuchman concluded (no doubt correctly) that there is not much of a market today for serious historical analysis.

And yet a serious study of the 14th century has much to tell us. It was, put briefly, the time when feudalism broke down—as capitalism is breaking down today—under the strain of its own inherent contradictions. By 1302, when the Flemish weavers mowed down the French cavalry at Courtrai, the feudal host was an anachronism, and the chivalry which Mrs. Tuchman so lavishly describes, with its jousts and tournaments and orders of knighthood, is not feudalism at all but what historians call "bastard feudalism," an attempt to refurbish the trappings when the body was dead.

But the decline of feudalism was, of course, far more than a military phenomenon. Its roots lay in economic change, in the breakdown of the feudal organization of agriculture and of the manorial system which had been the basic feature of feudal society. To examine these aspects in detail would require far more space than is available here, and all it is necessary to say is that Mrs. Tuchman doesn't do so either, though they are the ultimate source of the malaise she describes. Nor could she do so, given the fact that she starts for all practical purposes in 1348, by which time the essential changes—whose beginnings take us back to the period around 1270—had already occurred.

If we take its pretensions seriously, the only possible verdict on Mrs. Tuchman's book is that it promises far more than it delivers. If we treat it instead simply as a brisk narrative, it can at least be said that she writes with verve and weaves together an amazing amount of information. "Mars and Venus" are her themes, and no one could say that it is not a good recipe for a popular best-seller. She is intrigued by dynastic marriages—"the fabric of international as well as inter-noble relations"—and recounts their strange complexities with loving care. But she is at her best—as might be expected of the author of *The Guns of August*—when describing war, battles, sieges and military campaigns. Violence, slaughter, fighting, pillage, are the threads which hold her book together, and apparently how she sees the 14th century.

But even at the level of story-telling Mrs. Tuchman's book cannot be accepted without reservations. First, as regards her methods—or, more bluntly, her flouting of historical method. Take, for example, the case of Froissart, on whom she draws so lavishly. His story, says the great historian Delachenal at one point, is a "tissue of fables." Mrs. Tuchman trots it out nevertheless, no doubt because, like another "suspect" chronicle, it provides "vivid information." The criterion, it seems, is vividness, not accuracy. Or take again—it must be a last example—the alleged meeting between Coucy and Chaucer in 1360. This, Mrs. Tuchman frankly admits, is pure surmise; and yet "it is impossible not to see the young Enguerrand de Coucy in the Squire of the *Canterbury Tales*." Impossible? What is impossible, on any rigorous reading of the historical evidence, is to see anything of the sort.

These are the sort of abuses, or misuses, of evidence every young graduate student is taught to avoid in his or her first class in historical method, and they do not exactly breed confidence in Mrs. Tuchman's scholarship. Still less does her lavish use of moralists, preachers and satirists to paint a picture of the vices and miseries of the times. She knows, and frequently states, that they were saying the same things in the 12th century, and would go on saying them in the 20th century, but she quotes them just the same as though they were objective witnesses. The result, needless to say, is a gaudy, colorful pastiche, as rich and highly-spiced—and, for me at least, as indigestible—as one of those luscious Christmas cakes, full of nuts and crystallized fruit and almond paste and cherries. But whether it tells us much about the daily fare of the 14th century is a very different question.

I suppose—since neither Mrs. Tuchman nor her publisher is likely to misjudge the market—that there is a public for this sort of dressed-up history. What is more difficult to understand is what it was that induced Mrs. Tuchman to switch from 20th-century history, where she has an enviable record, to the middle ages; but it is hard to think that her foray will enhance her reputation. What, in the end, she has given us is a very old-fashioned book, the sort of history Buckle denounced over a century ago when he wrote of the "strange idea" that the historian's business is "merely to relate events," occasionally enlivened by "moral and political reflections."

Whether that is the sort of history we need today, every reader must decide for himself or herself. What is certain is that it is the sort of history that historians, including medieval historians, have been trying to break away from for 30 years and more. They have explored exciting new ways of making past experience meaningful and relevant. They have turned to new sources, developed new methodologies, sought to raise history—for so long the poor relation—to an equal status with the other social sciences. They have not always been successful; but it is, to say the least, a pity—some might even say a disservice to the historian's craft—that Mrs. Tuchman appears to have turned her back on their efforts. Her study of the 14th century is correspondingly impoverished.

Geoffrey Barraclough

Geoffrey Barraclough, president of the Historical Association from 1964 to 1967, has written a number of books on medieval history. He is the editor of *The Times Atlas of World History*, published last month by Hammond.

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Reviewing the Forties
by Diana Trilling

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $9.95)

History is now and in New York City, to echo Eliot. The 1930s and 1940s, decades no longer consigned to the generation that lived through them, have become the property of memoirists and intellectual historians. The Collected Works of Lionel Trilling, the autobiographies of Alfred Kazin and Jerre Mangione, Philip Rahv's *Essays on Literature and Politics*: given this enthusiastic climate of revival, it is only natural that Diana Trilling should rush into print the book reviews she contributed to *The Nation* from 1942 to 1949.

Still, others have done so before her, and with no other justification than vanity or the public's mild interest in such documents. Dedicated students of literary journalism continue to turn, I assume, to Edmund Wilson's *Classics and Commercials*—shrewdly subtitled "A Literary Chronicle of the 1940s," but a collection of book reviews nonetheless—to Isaac Rosenfeld's *An Age of Enormity*—subtitled "Life and Writing in the Forties and Fifties"—and to Alred Kazin's *Contemporaries*. (Mrs. Trilling's title at least intimates the nature of her book.) If *Reviewing the Forties* seems more fugitive than these other collections, the fault is perhaps not entirely the author's own; where Wilson and Rosenfeld ranged over a number of general topics in their reviews, and were at liberty to dwell on a writer's *oeuvre*, Mrs. Trilling had to confine herself to the generally dreary chore of evaluating the week's new novels. "I for once urge a novel on the readers of this column," she announced jubilantly when Christopher Isherwood's *Prater Violet* was published.

Her reviews of the few significant novels that did appear in those years are fascinating to read: Isaac Rosenfeld's *Passage from Home*, Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*, Bellow's *Dangling Man* and, four years later, *The Victim*. Her estimate of Bellow in particular seems to me just; published decades before his fame and his enthronement as the main exhibit in the Jewish cultural pantheon discouraged any further criticism, they are honest judgments. *Dangling Man*, she complains, is "a novel of sterility," a minor work; *The Victim*, which "generates fine and important, if uncomfortable, emotions," represents a considerable advance. And her review of Nabokov's *Bend Sinister* is gratifying; how few critics have noted his obvious stylistic failings—in Mrs. Trilling's emphatic words, his "forced imagery and deafness to the music of the English language." On only one occasion—when she declares someone named Isabel Bolton "the most important new novelist in the English language to appear in years"—does she succumb to the temptation fatal to so many reviewers: the tendency to overpraise out of sheer boredom.

More often, she is stern, and with lively results; polemic is invariably more interesting than praise. Of one hapless novel long since forgotten, she objects that "it makes me feel used, as if I had been made to keep a deathwatch over someone with whom I had no vital connection." "The only thing that makes Anna Kavan's *The House of Sleep* worth writing about—nothing makes it worth reading," begins one of her more devastating assaults; Saroyan's novels are "a viscous experience." The difference between some lamentable World War II novel and Hemingway's novel of World War I is that "there was no earlier Hemingway on whom the early Hemingway could model himself." All this must be very sobering for contemporary aspirants to literary fame. A crowd of novels flowed over Mrs. Trilling's desk, so many—and how few have survived three decades. Even such estimable books as Elizabeth Hardwick's *The Ghostly Lover*, Josephine Herbst's *Somewhere the Tempest Fell*, and Jean Stafford's *Boston Adventure* are no longer read; I wish they were. (To further distance this remote era, novels then cost $2.50.)

In his introduction, Paul Fussell is obliged to claim that *Reviewing the Forties* is more than a mere collection of reviews; rather, they represent "a profile of assumption and conviction, a body of implicit doctrine constituting, as Eliot puts it, a people's *'lived* religion.'" (When will this deference to Eliot's pious declarations end?) One need only read Mrs. Trilling's *Claremont Essays* (1964) or *We Must March, My Darlings* to confirm what these assumptions and convictions are: that intellectuals belong to a

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Diana Trilling photo by Thomas Victor

separate class; that culture is theirs to protect, the defense of "standards" their main business. But these are reviews, and whatever ideas appear in them are incidental to her purpose, which was to evaluate new books.

In this, Mrs. Trilling was a master, one of the critics responsible for the authority *The Nation* enjoyed in those days. James Agee, Clement Greenberg, Delmore Schwartz, and Randall Jarrell were regular contributors whose reviews, like Mrs. Trilling's, exalted art, vacillated over transient political allegiances, and decried the philistinism of "the modern mass-personality." But when they turned to the work at hand, these critics came into their own. Later on, they acquired more distinctive critical voices; I noted in Mrs. Trilling's reviews echoes—or perhaps they were precursors—of her late husband's critique of liberalism embedded in a dismissal of some obscure war novel, and the recurrence of certain words charged with a particular significance in his work, such as "mind" and "sincerity."

World War II haunts these reviews composed in its midst, and a number of the books under consideration addressed themselves to various aspects of the war experience; but other, more private themes dominated these novelists' imaginations. "Ideologically the war plays about the same role in our current novels that a storm plays in murder mysteries," Mrs. Trilling complained in 1944. "It is something noisy going on outside the house to add to our indoor tensions." The cultivation of "sensibility"—to borrow her old-fashioned word—superceded their curiosity about the world. The problem then, apparently, was the same as now; writers were only interested in themselves. They rarely rose to the "moral pitch" of Isaac Rosenfeld; they shirked the intellectual's responsibility: above all, "to be meaningful."

Mrs. Trilling's own quest for the meaningful is no less evident in these reviews than in her full-fledged articles; but it is less obtrusive, and gives them a succinct force often dissipated in the tight-lipped, hortatory discussions of contemporary events that have made her controversial: women's liberation, the insurrection at Columbia, the politics of the McCarthy era. When she writes on D.H. Lawrence or Edith Wharton, Mrs. Trilling displays an impressive literary sensibility; but she tends to founder among political matters. The intellectual style associated with *Partisan Review* in the 1940s—polemical, self-conscious, at once snobbish and vaguely Marxist—mingles uneasily with real events, which require an observer to descend from the realm of high seriousness and recognize the more ordinary concerns that rule most people's lives. These *Nation* reviews, in which there was little time or space to expatiate on the "ideas" that would come to seem so oracular in the decades to follow, are livelier, if slighter, than her essays on culture and society.

James Atlas

James Atlas is the author of *Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet* and a staff writer for *Time*.

Lucky Eyes and a High Heart
The Life of Maud Gonne
by Nancy Cardozo

(Bobbs-Merrill; $15.00)

William Butler Yeats wrote in his memoirs that when he was 23 years old the "troubling" of his life began. "I had heard from time to time . . . of a beautiful girl who had left the society of the Viceregal Court for Dublin nationalism," he went on. "In after years I persuaded myself that I felt premonitory excitement at the first reading of her name. Presently she drove up to our house . . . with an introduction from John O'Leary to my father."

The year was 1889 and Maud Gonne, then 22, was on one of her countless peregrinations between France and Ireland. From the day she presented her letter of introduction from the great Fenian leader, O'Leary, to the distinguished Irish portrait painter, John Butler Yeats, the life of the young Yeats was in turmoil. "Heavy red-gold hair and large dark eyes set off her luminous complexion," Nancy Cardozo writes of her. "Nearly six feet tall . . . confident, vital, dedicated to a single purpose—Ireland's freedom from England—Maud Gonne was an irresistable force" not only in Willie Yeats's life but also in a society in which women faced almost insurmountable obstacles if they sought to enter public life. At the age of 20, stunningly dressed by Paris couturiers, she had already made a place for herself in the Irish nationalist movement, familiar with "princes and rebels, generals and conspirators, and with the intellectuals of Continental salons," at ease with Home Rulers, separatists, and students from Trinity. Later she was to write, "I never willingly discouraged either a Dynamiter or a constitutionalist, a realist or a lyrical writer. My chief occupation was how their work could help forward the Irish Separatist movement."

Maud Gonne was born in England of a mother ill with consumption, who died when Maud was four and her younger sister two. The family came to Dublin when Captain Gonne, "the dashing soldier of the Queen," was transferred from Surrey to England's largest military base in Ireland. Maud was then two months old, and throughout her life she said that until that time she had not breathed the air of freedom. Thomas Gonne was not only affluent (grandson of an Irish importer in London of port and madeira wine from Portugal) but he was also fluent in five foreign languages. After his wife's death, Gonne (now promoted to Brigade Major of the Cavalry of Ireland) decided to settle in the land of his forbears with his two little girls. Tommy Gonne was the first

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great love of Maud's life, and her son, Sean MacBride, the last.

Many Englishmen of independent means, Cardozo points out, found Ireland a congenial place to live. "The horse-raising country, the hunt, the relaxed social and garrison life" played their part in Major Gonne's decision, but Cardozo refers as well to the seduction of the ambivalent attitude these Englishmen displayed toward their Irish peers, akin to "the feeling of affection and condescension of a legitimate son toward an attractive bastard brother." How much of this attitude was absorbed by Maud Gonne was tempered at an early age by the passion of her political convictions. Riding her horse across country, she saw the piles of rubble which had once been the houses of peasants, destroyed by the battering rams of the absentee British landlords' agents. She saw destitute families wandering the roads, seeking shelter, carrying what they could of their poor possessions with them, and she could not bear what she saw. In his poetry and plays, Yeats's women often spoke with the voice of Maud Gonne, and his Countess Cathleen expressed Maud's compassion, saying:

I have heard
A sound of wailing in unnumbered hovels,
And I must go down, down, I know not where.

The life story of Maud Gonne is inseparable from that of Yeats, and inseparable as well from the tragic history of Ireland in our century. The three well-documented records are skillfully interwoven by Cardozo. If there are occasional lapses into fancy prose and rhetorical questioning, such moments are easily overlooked in the fine achievement of the whole—an achievement which over and over makes credible the radiant presence and buoyant nature of Maud Gonne. John O'Leary, obsessed with Irish literature, saw it as a means of bringing about a nationally aware and united people, and he valued young Willie Yeats as his "most hopeful recruit." Yet despite the recommendation of a political leader she revered, and despite her response to Yeats's lyrical gift and his great love for Ireland, Maud Gonne could not bring herself to accept his continuously renewed proposal of marriage. Her life-long need of him may well have been a part of her compulsive assembling about her of as many living creatures as possible who would be dependent on her for strength. There were always the

Maud Gonne drawing by Jack Coughlin

caged birds with which she travelled from country to country, the monkeys, the various breeds of dog, an occasional cat, and Yeats, the greatest captive of them all. Yeats writes in his autobiography that once, just before a demonstration, he found her surrounded by "many caged larks and finches which she was about to set free for the luck's sake."

Maud Gonne and Yeats "took hashish" together and recorded their heightened fantasies "in a notebook filled with sacred symbols," Cardozo tells us in as quiet a voice as the one she uses to report that there were many who called Maud Gonne "the most beautiful woman in Ireland," and others who hailed her as "the most beautiful woman in the world." Once they found that they could evoke the pagan gods, Willie transformed "the visions Maud saw in her trances into images of Druidic lore." Eventually Maud was to write of the Castle of Heroes they envisaged, "The land of Ireland, we both felt, was powerfully alive and invisibly peopled, and whenever we grew despondent over the weakness of the national movement, we went to it for comfort. If only we could make contact with the hidden forces of the land, it would give us strength for the freeing of Ireland."

But whatever her visions, Maud was above all a woman of action, as Cardozo makes abundantly clear. In one of her many articles in the *United Irishman*, Maud Gonne recalls an old prophecy "which says that Ireland will be saved by the women, and if Irish women will only realize the importance of this work of National education for the children I think this prophecy may come true." Aided by members of the Women's Franchise League she set up school canteens in the poorest sections of Dublin, and hot lunches were served to children close to starvation. By 1900, she had founded the Daughters of Erin, for and with "a new generation of women (who) had grown up to find themselves still disenfranchised, still unrepresented

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by any member of their sex in government, except for the Queen." In April of that same year, she organized a peaceful demonstration of 30,000 school children who had refused to parade before the Queen. During her second imprisonment in Holloway, in company with such courageous women as Constance Markiewicz and Mary MacSwiney, she went on a 20-day hunger strike to protest the crack down on her Women's Prisoners' Defense League. The prison doctor, Cardozo records, told Maud she was "the most cheerful hunger striker he ever met, always laughing"; but at the end of the 20 days she had to be carried out on a stretcher.

A chain smoker, addicted for a time to chloroform and sleeping drugs after the death of her first child, and to hashish during her "Spiritual Marriage" with Yeats, spitting blood into her handkerchief, warned by the doctors of several countries of what might be a fatal "weakness in the lungs," Maud Gonne radiated glowing health, except for those recurring instances when she collapsed with fatigue. She was a passionately devoted daughter to Tommy Gonne, who, motivated at least in part by her example, took the courageous decision to resign his commission and stand for Parliament as a Home Rule candidate; a surrogate mother to her sister Kathleen and to Tommy's illegitimate child, she took particular pride in her son, Sean MacBride, who set aside the gun of his early days in the IRA, became a lawyer of note, and was later to found Amnesty International, and twice win the Nobel Peace Prize. James Joyce, tongue in cheek no doubt, referred to Maud as the Joan of Arc of Ireland, as did the ex-Secretary of U.S. Navy, William McAdoo, in grave admiration during one of her lecture tours in the United States.

Oscar Wilde, A. E. Synge, Padriac Pearse, James Connolly, Lady Gregory, Roger Casement, Padriac Colum, Parnell, Oliver Gogarty, Mary and Terence MacSwiney, and at least a dozen other women and men of enduring achievement, were among her acquaintances and friends, including the 26-year-old Ezra Pound, who had become the humble secretary of Willie Yeats. But despite the unending political, literary, and social demands, there was still time for her to work tirelessly for Amnesty International, the membership of which she helped swell to 200 thousand in the British Isles alone; still time to launch a campaign against the recruiting by the British of young Irishmen to fight the Boers in Africa; still time in 1914 to nurse the wounded "from 8 in the morning to 8 at night." When her own acting career on the stage of the Abbey Theatre had ended, she taught dramatics, and taught as well her own belief in the rising wave of women's power. To Emmeline Pankhurst's slogan, "Deeds not words" she added her own spirited admonition: "Men are destroying themselves, and we are looking on."

Nancy Cardozo has written the story of Maud Gonne's life in fascinating detail, and with enviable objectivity and deep respect (with the exception of her reference to the incident of the monkey gland transplant which Yeats insisted on undergoing in the hope of strengthening his virility). It is a life we needed to be reminded of, and in Cardozo's telling of it emerges anew the full dignity of past and present Irish history.

Kay Boyle

Kay Boyle is a novelist, poet and professor at San Francisco State University.

Leon Trotsky by Irving Howe

(Viking; $10.00)

The editors of the Modern Masters series are to be congratulated for their felicitous choice of an author to write on Trotsky. A follower of Trotsky's in his student days, and later a kind of American curator of Trotsky's writings, Irving Howe is also a literary critic with a taste for the problematic and a talent for making modulated judgments, precisely the gifts to place the mercurial Trotsky in the right moral focus at the varying moments of his career. What Howe has given us here is an admirably compact account of Trotsky's life as well as something far more urgent: he has subjected the political ideas of Trotsky to a discriminating historical and political criticism not from the standpoint of Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy—Isaac Deutscher did that in his magisterial life of Trotsky—but from the social-democratic point of view. The result is a work full of the rarest sort of political wisdom.

Leon Trotsky may have been "one of the titans of our century" but, Howe adds, his was a "flawed greatness," shot through with an intellectual arrogance that was at the same time a kind of stupidity, an inability to question his own assumptions. This accounts for his promethean aspect, but it often made him ineffective and it limits his sheerly human appeal. He once spoke of "social-revolutionary radicalism" as "the permanent pivot" of his whole inner life. "Yes, but a permanent pivot in the center of one's inner life is also a stake beyond which one cannot range." Edmund Wilson's gloss is telling. Within his range Trotsky was every inch the seer and prophet of Deutscher's dramatic biography. But nothing in Howe's book is more moving than his accounts of Trotsky's mental fight to come to grips with political phenomena undreamt of in the philosophy of Marxism. Take his view of National Socialism for example: he thought it represented the last brutal attempt of the big bourgeoisie to crush the German working class. There is something to this no doubt, but a class analysis of a Hitlerism does not begin to account for its primordial irrationality. He fared no better with that other great evil of our time, Soviet totalitarianism. Trained to see the class struggle as the talismanic key to political understanding, he simply could not make sense of a political order whose salient feature was the domination of all classes by the State.

Nor did he have better luck with democracy. He predicted, for example, that the democracies would move *either* toward fascism *or* revolution in the post-war world; within the limits of his revolutionary creed he could not anticipate that "whole ambiguous, unstable but by no means unhopeful development that we call the welfare state: still capitalist in its socio-economic relations but significantly modified toward greater humanness, partly as a result of the unbroken power of the working class." So, for all his undoubted brilliance and penetration, Trotsky has very little to say to us about the dominant political realities of our time; in this, Howe argues, he shares in the

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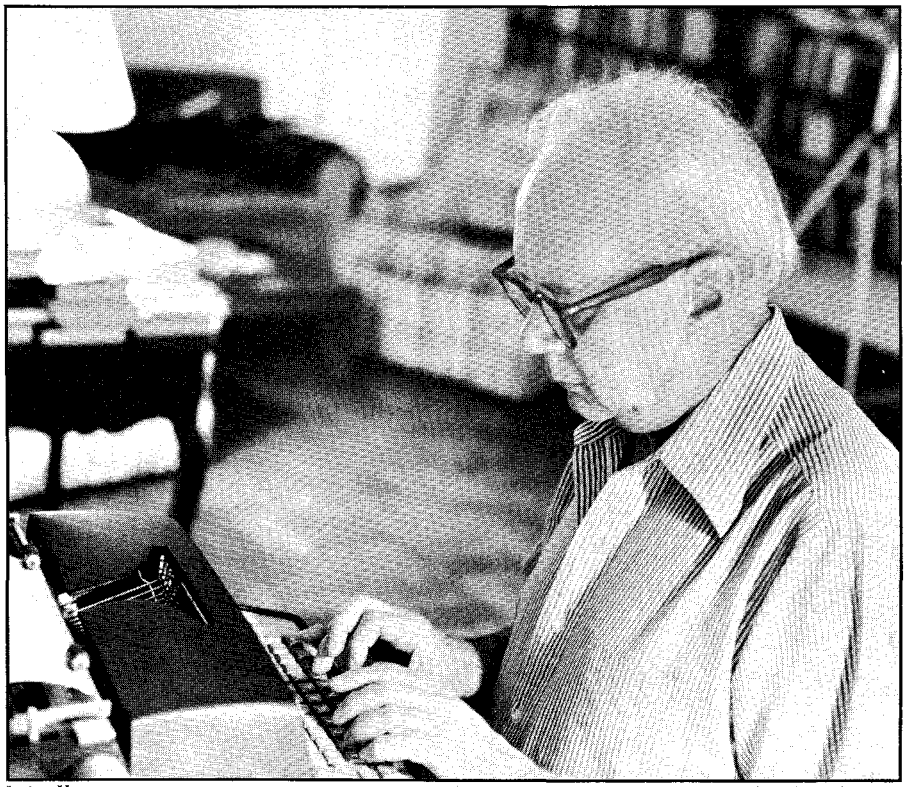

Irving Howe photo by Jeff Vinson

imaginative poverty of the whole revolutionary Marxist-Leninist tradition of which he was the last towering figure.

Where then does his greatness lie? For Howe it lies in his great books and in the stirring example of his moral courage during his years of exile and persecution. Yes, we might add, and in his extraordinary life as well. For who can resist the young Lev Davidovich Bronstein forcing his landowner-father to forgive a peasant's debt by throwing a fit of weeping? Or the populist bravo who baits a young Marxist—she would later become his wife—by rising at a midnight supper of revolutionists and proposing this toast, "A curse upon all Marxists and upon all those who want to bring dryness and hardness into all the relations of life"? It's hard not to be drawn to this dramatic figure who becomes a professional revolutionist at 18; who makes memorably defiant speeches at his several trials for political incendiarism; who accepts the inevitable sentences to Siberia with jaunty equanimity; and who regularly escapes across the Siberian waste under conditions of appalling hardship which, in his autobiography, he transmutes by his energy and high spirits until the whole thing comes to seem like a schoolboy lark. On one of these escapes, he tells us, he carries the oddest sort of foul-weather gear: a Russian translation of the *Iliad* and a passport made out in the name of Trotsky, "which I wrote in it at random without even imagining that it would become my name for the rest of my life."

Roused by his eloquence, the crowds in the Circus Moderne of Petersburg shouted this fortuitously chosen name in the fateful summer and fall of 1917. It was Trotsky who became President of the Petersburg Soviet; "Comrade Trotsky," whom Joseph Stalin, shortly after the event, saluted for leading the insurrection that put the Bolsheviks in power; Commissar Trotsky, who, rushing across a 5000-mile front in an armored train, led the Red Army to victory over the Whites and saved the Revolution. Dashing, handsome, masterful, Trotsky in his shining hours is one of the greatest heroes in history. By 1919 his fame, his legend, had spread worldwide.

Ten years later he was in Churchill's words "the Ogre of Europe"—exiled from Russia, unwanted by the French, expelled by the craven Norwegians, barred from Great Britain, persona non grata in the United States. A pariah. What had happened? To say that Stalin, in the interregnum during Lenin's last illness, had schemed to bring Trotsky down is only half the truth: like the hero of a Greek tragedy, Trotsky's character was profoundly complicit in his fate. His arrogance grated: his brilliance incited to envy; his contempt for what he called "petty ends" (Howe has him blithely reading a French novel during a meeting

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Leon Trotsky, arrested for revolutionary activity in 1899—before his 20th birthday

of the Central Committee) must have maddened. Stalin hinted that he was too proud to fight. One ingenious critic has linked his impolitic bunglings in these decisive months—his failure to attend Lenin's funeral, the illnesses that kept him from Moscow at other critical moments—with the paralysis of will that Marxism can induce in its true believers: a feeling that the single individual is powerless to change the predetermined course of History. Whatever the reasons for his fall, by 1925 Stalin had isolated him in the Party, the first step in his long pursuit of Trotsky. Methodically, with remorseless malignity, he would destroy Trotsky's faction, ship his friends to Siberia, harry his wife into suicide, murder his two sons, and expunge his name altogether from the historical memory of his countrymen. On August 20, 1940, Trotsky himself was assassinated by one of Stalin's agents. A footnote. After serving a twenty-year sentence, Trotsky's assassin was repatriated to Russia, where, Howe tells us, he was awarded the Soviet equivalent of the Medal of Honor. He had, after all, smashed an ice axe into the skull of the archetypal Enemy of the People.

A question fascinates. Would the Soviet Union have embarked on a more liberal course if Trotsky had won the power struggle with Stalin? It is part of the myth of the martyred Trotsky that it would have, but the evidence is at best mixed. In a subtle display of historical criticism Howe compares the policies urged by Trotsky during his brief interval in power (1919-1921) with those pushed by other historical actors on the scene. The record is unambiguous: Trotsky's line was incipiently totalitarian, advocating as he did such draconian measures as the militarization of labor and advancing arguments against free trade unions whose casuistry would make that shameless Jesuit, W.F. Buckley, Jr., blush. On the other hand, Howe rejects as a "cynical sneer" the notion once widely current on the Left that Stalin "stole Trotsky's thunder" in his program of forced industrialism. Stalin's industrialism, Howe points out, was achieved by an historically unprecedented exploitation of the working class; its end was the accumulation of a capital reserve for the Soviet state. By contrast, Trotsky favored industrialism as a means to the end of "raising the specific gravity of the proletariat in society" so that they could enjoy the fruits of culture, the things that, in a lovely phrase, he said stood for "a world more attractive."

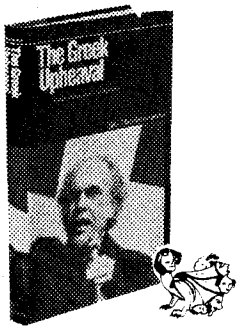
It is this attitude toward culture—it marks him out from both the boorish Stalin and the philistine Lenin—that makes one hopeful about Trotsky. In culture as in politics, he was an internationalist; and one can't imagine him, a Jew by birth, leading an essentially Russian nationalist program of expropriation. There are some hints in this volume that he would have looked to the West for the capital Stalin sweated out of the backs of the Russian peasantry and working class. We can't know. But the question will continue to fascinate so long as the legend of Trotsky lives.

Jack Beatty

The Greek Upheaval

Taki Theodoracopulos

In this eye-opening book, a capable Greek journalist, who has recently been sentenced to prison in absentia fur his maverick reporting, examines the historical background of the 1974 crisis, the break down of democratic politics, the rule of the colonels. PUBLISHERS WEEKLY



The author presents a fairly balanced view of the personalities and philosophies in current Greek politics. He criticizes "Greece's instinct for self-destruction, irresponsible press and opportunistic politicians." LIBRARY JOURNAL

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Brief Review

Small Town by Sloan Wilson

(Arbor House; $9.95)

Benjamin Livingston Winslow returns to his hometown, Livingston, New York, to try to help out his son, Ebon. Since Ben's divorce, Ebon, refusing to join either his mother in Florida or Ben in California, has been living instead with his girlfriend, Annie Kelly, and her family. Ben returns to much more, though: a senile mother; the newspaper and trust fund his late father had set up (recently usurped by a local entrepreneur, Howie Hewat, who has as his right-hand man Ben's younger brother, Pete); Annie's attractive older sister, Rosie; and an enormous storehouse of hometown memories. Unhappy with his slick Santa Barbara girlfriends and his slick photographic job, Ben remains in Livingston both to regain control of his father's paper and to court Rosie. When Hewat and Pete block him from taking over the paper, Ben and Rosie establish their own, only to find out how small town fat cats like Hewat can drive out both people and enterprises they don't want around.

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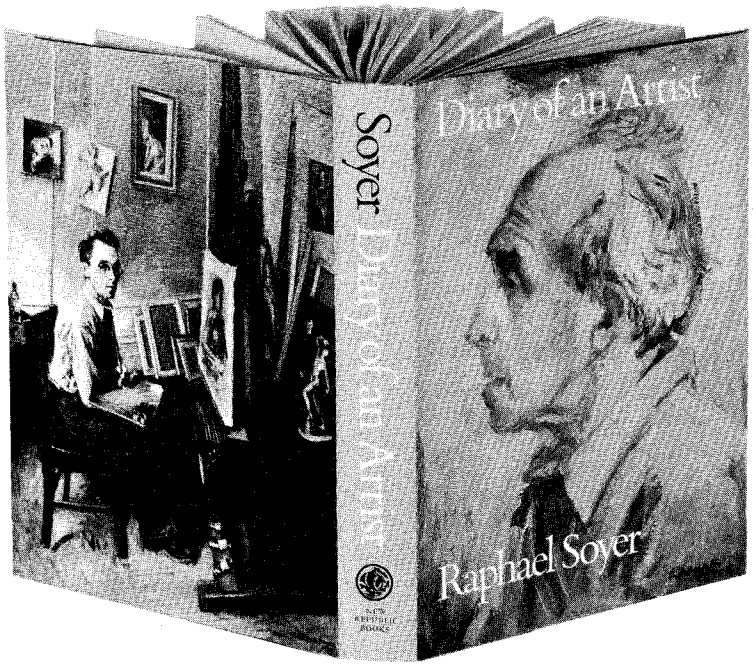

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The New York Times Book Review

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The story is a familiar one and Sloan Wilson, author of ten books including *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, executes it with few surprises. Hewat, who drives a white Lincoln Continental, is the stock local businessman-politician; the Kellys are the stock Irish family down to their very names; the California to which Ben compares Livingston is the stock playground of rich, plastic, unhappy people; Ben and Rosie's battle against corrupt small town politics is as old as the upstate hills they love. For long stretches, moreover, the stories of Ben, Rosie, Ebon and Annie come so much to the fore that Livingston and its citizens are neglected, thus rendering *Small Town* only mildly interesting as an exploration of the intricacies of small town living.

The language of the novel also leaves a lot to be desired. The modifiers are usually superfluous, the dialogue often fails to convey the intensity of the moment and is frequently so saccharine as positively to diminish intensity, the use of parentheses to separate thoughts from words in some conversations is a distracting device, and a particular sentence construction Wilson likes—"Running, she headed toward the sheep pen"—is often awkward. Still, despite the fact that they are given few eloquent words or thoughts, Wilson's major characters emerge as human beings of very definite proportions, dreams and troubles. Readers willing to look past stylistic inadequacies may find in *Small Town* a story of the search and fight of several memorable characters told by a highly compassionate man.

Marc Granetz

Marc Granetz is the John Harvard Scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Correction

In the October 14 issue of *TNR*, the credit line for *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even (The Large Glass)* was omitted. The reproduction appeared courtesy of Philadelphia Museum of Art: Bequest of Katherine S. Dreier.

In the statement of ownership, management and circulation, published in the October 7 issue of *The New Republic*, the price of a year's subscription was incorrect. The annual subscription price is $24.00.

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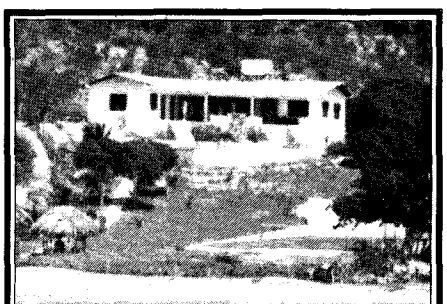

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Washington Diarist

Elections

I heard the wildest interpretation of the election of John Paul I on NBC News. I am quite ready to believe that the cardinals sought divine guidance and received it by their own faith and lights. But I do not believe that in electing John Paul I the cardinals had so miscalculated the needs of the church that God took him from them as a signal that they must try again. So the cardinals chose the opposite kind of churchman to John Paul I, and this was "their signal to their Lord in heaven," that they had received his message and understood and obeyed it. I do not doubt that messages may travel between the faithful and their God, but to make it sound like a series of Western Union telegrams is a parody. What is more, God may move in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, but to suggest that He gives one of his children a heart attack, in order to express His displeasure at a papal election, implies a form of direct intervention in the affairs of men that is a little gross. If so simple a method of disposing of popes was at his command, why did he put up with so many outrageous ones in the past?

Whatever the guidance they followed, the cardinals have introduced a new factor into the world scene, and we will be watching the Vatican, in the next few years, with more than usual interest, and more than if John Paul I had lived to play his benign and pastoral role. The election of a very political Pope, come from Eastern Europe, where the Reformation never really reached, already widely travelled, able to use several languages with ease, theologian and spokesman on the issues of the day, and of course a non-Italian—what may not happen? It may prove to be a decision of great importance, finally answering Stalin's vulgar question, "How many divisions does the Pope have?" Roman Catholics in Eastern Europe can hardly help being moved. But the faithful of the Orthodox Church in Russia, by all accounts still numerous, can hardly not ponder and pray and wonder.

Being in Washington during the mid-term elections is always an educative experience. As soon as Congress has adjourned, and its members have scattered, Washington seems very unimportant. The nation has been dissolved again into states and districts. Again and again, as in many states this year, and perhaps most obviously in Minnesota, local factors predominate. Presidents may sally forth here and there—but a Roosevelt and a Truman were always very careful in choosing where to go—but by and large they are an irrelevance. That is why it is unwise to measure a President's standing by how his party's candidates do at the polls. This two-yearly humbling of Washington is very healthy. The politicians are gone; their staffs are scattered. But in the fat-cat restaurants sit the permanent residents of the nation's capitals, the lobbyists, for three weeks taking as long as they like over their guzzling. They wait, like vultures. Soon the nation will be restored to them, a few new faces among the politicians, whom they will soon get to know. For a while the capital has evaporated, but it will come together again and it is theirs.

Few things could be sadder. Mort Sahl has come to Washington to do one of those endless radio programs in which he takes calls from listeners. His humor was always bitter, but at its best it was with elan; now it is just rancid, and with about the same texture as butter that has gone bad, melted on the plate. To hear him go back to the McCarthy hearings—on which, at the time, he was pointed and courageous and needed—is to be reminded that comedians can grow flabby like politicians. He has to talk to those insane people who make calls to talk shows for three hours on every weekday. "Call me back, pal, remember to do that," he says to one. Sad, so sad. I and a friend switched off with a grimace.

The campaign of John W. Warner for a Senate seat in Virginia is naturally followed with interest here because his wife is Elizabeth Taylor. She draws the crowds, but will she draw the votes? It's the question whenever a celebrity is in the political arena. Some people are disdainful—not even gentlemanly, let alone chivalrous—while others praise her dutifulness. She went up in my estimation the other day, when her husband and she were at one of those fried-chicken rallies, which must be unbearable to any politician of sensitivity. When he spotted the fried chicken, John Warner said "Ah! my favorite dish!", which is as improbable as if he enjoyed dining off a plate of okra. One always vainly expects such words to stick in a politician's throat. Gallantly he did not take a piece of chicken himself, but handed it to his consort and star, who immediately choked on a bone, and had to be rushed by helicopter to hospital. Nothing is more alarming and painful then to choke like that, and one's sympathies with Elizabeth Taylor are sincere. But so are one's praises. At least the fried chicken stuck in her throat. She is not the complete politician's wife quite yet.

I have a friend who is ever alert to small changes in social habits that can be made to seem heralds of great changes in our societies. He says that he's the trivia expert of the post-McLuhan Age, and that is what makes people sound profound these days. "Have you noticed that 'o'clock' is disappearing?" he asked me the other day with his usual insouciance. I steadied myself with my brass-headed cane. "There aren't actual hours any more," he went on, "there is only something called 'the hour.'" He explained that the morning and evening news and talk shows often go out simultaneously across the country, but of course at different times in the different time zones, so that the anchormen and anchorwomen cannot say that the time is 28 minutes before 8 o'clock, but have to say that it is 28 minutes before "the hour." He is quite right and, damn it, with his warped mind, he is always noticing things like that. What is more, we get increasingly used to taking the time from television or radio, so it must affect us. Do we need hour hands on our watches and clocks any more? Cannot we just make up "the hour?" It would be rather charming to receive an invitation to dinner at "half past the hour," and so be able to turn up when one liked, knowing that one was neither early nor late as long as it was half past something. "Time is no longer of the essence," my friend said. "That could make the book of the hour," I answered.

H.F.

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